Why I Know THE BIBLE Is The Word of God

William Edward Biederwolf

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Why I Know THE BIBLE Is The Word of God

By
William Edward Biederwolf.
Author of
The Millennium Bible
and other writings.

(See printed list)

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DEDICATION.

TO

THE GIDEONS OF AMERICA.

THIS VOLUME IS
WITH GREAT RESPECT AND EQUALLY GREAT
GRATITUDE

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The author of this volume, "Ten Reasons Why I Know the Bible is the Word of God," honors himself in dedicating it to this splendid group of GOD'S TRAVELLING GENTLEMEN.

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SOME INTRODUCTORY CONSIDERATIONS

I am a creature of a day, passing through life as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit, coming from God, and returning to God; just hovering over the great gulf; a few moments hence I am seen no more: I drop into an unchangeable eternity! I want to know one thing—the way to heaven; how to land safe on that happy shore. God Himself has condescended to teach the way. He hath written it down in a book. Oh, give me that book! At any price give me the Book of God! I have it; here is knowledge enough for me. Let me be a man of one book. Here, then, I am, far from the busy ways of men. I sit down alone; only God is here. In His presence I open, I read His book; for this end—to find the way to heaven.

—John Wesley.

TEN REASONS WHY I KNOW THE BIBLE IS THE VERY WORD OF GOD.

SOME INTRODUCTORY CONSIDERATIONS.

There are a lot of puzzling questions, but the puzzlingest question of them all is the question of the hereafter.

Buddhists and Mohammedans, followers of Confucius, and of Zoroaster, Theosophists, Spiritualists, and Christians; infidels; men of every faith and men of no faith at all will sit around the table for hours and discuss this one all-important question that Job had something to say about 4000 years ago,—"If a man die, shall he live again?"

"Are the Dead alive? Shall we write over our cemeteries as they did in Paris in the days of the French Revolution, "Death is an eternal sleep," or shall we believe with Tennyson, "There is no death; what seems so is—just going somewhere."

It makes all the difference in the world to me whether my life is one day to go out like a snuffed candle, or whether that will be the hour,

> "When the tree of life will burst into flower,
> And rain at my feet a glorious dower
> Of something grander than ever I knew."

It makes all the difference in the world to me whether when I die it is going to be "all up with old Dog Tray," as a fellow out

in Kansas put it to me one day, or whether that shall be the time when I shall begin to reap the consummated harvest of my stubborn disobedience to the holy ideals that struggled for the mastery here in the days of opportunity which will then be gone forever.

You say, "Mr. Preacher, do you mean to tell me that that blear-eyed gutter-bum-of-a-drunkard ever thinks of the hereafter? Do you mean to say that that old rubber-souled rascal of a candidate for office, all tangled up in twentieth century, boodling, machine politics ever thinks of another world when this one is over?"

"Do you mean to tell me that that money-hearted gambler, with the flip of the cards, the click of the poker chips, and the whir of the roulette wheel buzzing in his ear; that rabid, raging, rampant Anarchist crying 'To hell with law and order and all government!'; that shouting, yelling, gesturing stock-broker who acts like a maniac on the floor of the Stock Exchange; that fashion-worshipping, pleasure-seeking specimen of degenerate womanhood given over absolutely to dress and ornament and social function; that stoop-shouldered, serious-faced business man who toils from early morning till late at night the year through to make financial ends meet; that student

and that professor absorbed in art and literature or tangled up in the mysteries of mathematics and the secrets of natural science—do you mean to tell me, Mr. Preacher, that such people ever have any time or disposition to think of what shall be when the end of this life has come?"

Yes, just that thing I mean to say. More than any other *one* thought is the thought of old Job, "Man dieth; he giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" In the midst of sin and excitement and pleasure and business that question goes, but it comes back again. Like Bancho's ghost it will not down. You know, as everybody knows, that "the pale horse with his rider" is on his way. Two men die every second. Your turn is coming.

What about this thing they call "The Eternal Future?" Is there such a thing? A number of things seem to say there is. It is an instinct of the human soul.

> "They that in barbarian burials,
> Killed the slave and slew the wife;
> Felt within themselves the sacred burning
> Of the Second Life."

The soul certainly needs another life. The principle of justice seems to demand it. The analogies of nature seem to call for it. Science and philosophy say, "It looks that way to us."

But when all these things and others have spoken with their most emphatic testimony, still there is that figure floating before your eyes that ever shapes itself more or less definitely into the form of an eternal interrogation point, and you would give the world, if it were yours, for a sufficient and satisfying answer to it.

It is all right to philosophize with Plato, and his proofs of immortality are not without their value. It is all right to muse with Tennyson,

> "Thou hast made us, we know not why;
> We think we were not made to die.
> Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
> Thou hast made us, and Thou art just."

But when you are through with the speculations of philosophy and the deductions of science and the musings of poetry and all that human reason can bring to your relief, the question mark is still there and for the life of you you cannot rub it out.

And then someone comes and hands me a Book, a Book that professes to know, a Book that speaks with no uncertain sound, not only as to the fact that there is a future life but as to the way and the only way a man may be as sure to the share he is to have in that life; a Book that professes to be from God and to speak with all the infallible authority of the Most High. And now if I can only be sure that this Book is all that it pro-

fesses to be, that it really speaks with divine authority, that I can depend absolutely upon what it says; then, Sir, indeed, I would say,

"This little Book I'd rather own
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone
Than all their diadems.

"Nay, were the sea a chrysolite,
The earth a golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This Book were worth them all."

Yes, Sir, men are a good deal more concerned about this matter than many times we give them credit for.

One evening at dusk I was going down the streets of Portland, Oregon, with one of the great lawyers of that great city. I was pressing upon him the claims of the Christian religion. Presently he took my arm and drew me over to one side within the shadow of a huge column at the entrance of the building, and he said, "Biederwolf, the thing that worries me is, How do we know it is all true?"

Say, do you know there are men by the thousands who feel just as that lawyer felt, and who would write out their check for many thousands of dollars if they could only feel absolutely certain about the thing we are considering just now.

Now, the thing I want to talk with you

about in these short addresses is whether we really have any reasonable guarantee that this Book actually is the very Word of God Himself to you and me.

One thing is sure and that is that millions of people have taken it as such; men of great and profound learning, and men of little or no learning at all.

One of the most profound thinkers of the age, holding in his hand a Bible, said, "I am a man; I am going somewhere; I am twenty-four hours nearer that somewhere today than I was yesterday. I have read all that infidelity and unbelief have to say. They have not shed one solitary ray of light on the darkness, and they shall not take away the only guide I have and leave me stone blind."

On the other hand here is an ignorant old Indian with gray hair and wrinkled face but with the light of God's peace shining in his countenance, and his hand upon the Bible he loved so much. And when asked why the "Big Praying Book," as he called it, was so dear to him, he answered, "Big night! All dark! No light! Dark night! Above dark! Inside, big dark night! This Book, rising sun. Make light for feet; words sweet. I keep Big Praying Book near."

I quite well understand that there are some things in connection with this Book

that are mysterious and beyond the smartest of us—beyond human ken. Just another evidence that a mind greater than ours produced it. Indeed a religion that has no mystery is its own best refutation.

But there is something after all about a simple faith like that of the old Indian before which one can well afford to stand with uncovered head, and I am reminded of the words of that great scholar and statesman of Holland, Abraham Kuyper,—What remarkable words they are. He said,

"If then, after all legitimate examination and explanation there still remains in the text seeming inexplicables, cruces interpretum, before which, not I—for that implies nothing—but all confessing theologians stand, even then I do not hesitate a moment to say in the hearing of the whole scientific world, that facing the choice between leaving this question unanswered, and with the simple minded people of God confessing my ignorance, or with the learned ethical brethren from scientific logicalness rejecting the infallibility of Scripture, I firmly choose the first, and with my whole soul shrink back from the last."

Have these wizards of science like Kelvin, Lodge, and Tesla; giants of statesmanship like Webster, Lloyd George, and Roosevelt; master poets like Tennyson, Milton,

and Longfellow; mighty philosophers like Bacon, Newton, and Romanes; world renowned artists like Angelo, Murrillo, and Rubens; world historians like Macauley, Bancroft and Redpath; and uncounted thousands of other stupendous intellects, as well as the countless millions of humble-minded folk of God who have trusted in this Bible as the veritable Word of God to them—have they all been deceived?

Are these intellectual Titans justified in their estimate of this Book,—this Book which has been subjected to the furnace heat of trial and keenest critical investigation through all the centuries gone? A fire which has contemptuously burned up the cosmogony of the Shaster, the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, the absurd fables of the Koran and the authority of science and philosophy on scores of contested points,—this Book whose pages are still stained with the tears of silver-haired saints, whose promises are still the widow's stay as she sits in poverty with her fatherless children, whose pledge of a resurrection is still the only lamp that shines for the dying child of God through the dark valley of the shadow of death? Or have these millions leaned and are these millions leaning today upon a weak and rotten reed which gives way and breaks beneath the slightest test?

There are other Bibles in the world today; the Koran of the Mohammedans; the Eddas of the Scandinavians; the Tripitokas of the Buddhists, the Zendavesta of the Persians and the Scriptures of the Christians. What evidence have I that this Book, this Bible of all the Bibles in the world is alone the word of God in the sense that the holy men of old, who wrote it, wrote as they were inspired in a special way by the Spirit of God for the distinct purpose of revealing His will concerning us and the plan by which He is to redeem the world unto himself?

It is to the consideration of just this that I want you to give yourself earnestly and thoughtfully in the pages which are now to follow.

THE TESTIMONY OF JESUS CHRIST.

"Ye search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me."—Our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Christ is the grand object of the Bible; our good its design, and the glory of God its end. It is a mine of wealth, a paradise of glory, and a river of pleasure. It is given you in life, will be opened in the judgment, and be remembered forever. It involves the highest responsibility, will reward the greatest labor, and will condemn all who trifle with its sacred contents.

—Author Unknown.

I

THE TESTIMONY OF JESUS CHRIST

There are Ten Reasons why I know the Bible is the very Word of God.

The First and the chiefest reason of them all is *The Testimony of Jesus Christ.*

There isn't the least doubt in the minds of people who have eyes to see but that Christ regarded the entire collection of Old Testament Books as divine, authoritative and infallible. He distinctly and emphatically says that the Law of Moses *is* the Word of God. He told the Pharisees and the Scribes in Mark 7 that they were guilty of laying aside the commandments of God and substituting for them their own traditions. He then went on to quote from the writings of Moses and wound up by saying to them, "And ye do make the Word of God of none effect through your traditions."

If the testimony of Christ Himself is of any value, then you have here the stamp of His authority upon the Books of Moses at least, leaving no doubt that in His mind it was Moses and none other who wrote the Pentateuch.

Then again in Matthew 5, He says that not one jot or tittle of *the law* or *the Prophets* shall pass away without being fulfilled.

A "jot" is the smallest letter of the Hebrew alphabet, and a "tittle" is the little line or projection by which Hebrew letters similar in other respects are made to differ from each other, and Jesus here says that down to the smallest letter of the alphabet and to the smallest part of a letter, the Law and the Prophets are absolutely infallible in their authority.

There is no good reason for not referring this expression to the entire Old Testament Scriptures. If however the Psalms are not to be included in it, there is no good reason for not believing them to be equally authoritative and irrefragible. But in Luke 24 He settles this whole question by plainly declaring that "All things must be fulfilled which were written in *the Law of Moses*, and in *the Prophets* and *in the Psalms*.

These are only a few out of the many references where Jesus quoted from the Old Testament and put the stamp of His authority upon them. Indeed in this same 24th chapter of Luke it is said that "Jesus beginning at Moses and all the prophets, expounded unto them *in all the Scriptures* the things concerning Himself."

If the teaching of Christ is to be received, it is as clear as daylight that the Old Testament as the Word of God must be received with it.

Of course the New Testament was not as yet written when Jesus lived and the only way He could verify it as God's own Word was in something of a prospective way. In other words, He anticipated it. This He plainly did by declaring in John 14 that the Holy Spirit would bring to the remembrance of the writers of the New Testament the things He had said, and would guide them into all truth (John 16), even communicating to them things He had not told them because as yet they were not prepared to receive them.

But you say, "Hold on; there are two difficulties in the way of all this. First, How do I know the words recorded as those of Jesus are really His? Second, What right had He so to speak and why should I be asked to receive His words even if they can be proven to be His?"

In answer to the first question, we need to remember that the New Testament writers heard Him speak and would quite naturally, especially in view of their relation to Him, remember what He said. They no doubt took notes of the same. But we need to recall the fact that He told His Disciples that they were not to be left to their own unaided memory of what He said, but that the Holy Spirit would bring to their remembrance all things whatsoever He had said

unto them. And so after all, it is not the recollection of the Apostles upon which we have to rely, but that of the Holy Spirit of God Himself.

If therefore we can prove that the words recorded are the writings of the Apostles, of the men whose names they bear, the probability that they are *not* the very words of Jesus is reduced to a minimum. And of this thing we are absolutely certain. They are not the words of some modern inventor.

It would be most interesting indeed to take a trip to Rome and St. Petersburg and London and see the three oldest Greek Bibles in the world, and then trace their history backward through the centuries gone until you come to the early Apostolic Fathers, who lived, some of them, if not in the very time of the Apostles, then immediately after. Clement of Rome died in 95 A. D. And in their writings every verse in the whole New Testament, except eleven, can be found; thus showing without the least shadow of a doubt that the words we have today are the very words of the original writers themselves.

Some of the strangest ideas as to the origen of the Bible have been circulated by infidels themselves. An article written by an infidel in a Marlboro, Mass., newspaper, stated that the Council of Nice in the year

325 compiled the New Testament. And this is the way they did it. They had a lot of Gospels and Epistles, genuine and spurious, and no one could distinguish between the two. So they put them all on the floor and prayed that the good ones might get up on the Communion table and the bad ones stay on the floor: and that was the way the present New Testament was compiled. The writer said this account rested on the authority of Papias, an early Christian Bishop.

Of course there is only one difficulty about that story, and that is that Papias was dead and buried at least 150 years before the Council of Nice was held. And yet this story, originated nobody knows when, where or by whom, is swallowed and published by infidels as an account of the origin of the New Testament, and yet they call a Christian a fool for believing the Bible.

In answer to question number two as to the value of Christ's testimony, there is only one or the other of four replies that must be given to that question.

1. He knew better but deliberately falsified about the matter, and so conspired "to fasten upon the Jewish nation and upon the world a fraud and a lie." But did He? It seems like sacrilege to ask the question. Was Jesus a fraud? Was He a fourflusher? Was He a scamp and a liar?

The greatest and most notorious unbelivers of this world have tried to go each other one better in their praise of Jesus Christ without ascribing to Him the divinity given to Him by the Words of God. They have called Him "The regenerator of humanity," "the highest pattern of virtue," the "youth with God in his heart," and given Him many other such flatering enconiums, but the more such fine things they say about Him, the less I think of Him if at the same time He was a rascal, a rogue and a liar.

I do not believe that a good man tells lies and I do not believe that a man who tells lies is a good man. Jesus a good man, and not able to tell the truth; The Bible a good book and yet packed with lies! I believe neither the one nor the other. A man's claims and his character usually stand or fall together, and I credit you with too much intelligence to believe that you would for a single moment think of accepting this first answer to the question now under consideration.

2. The second answer is that Jesus in speaking of the Bible of his day simply accommodated himself to the method of expression current among the Jews, and the people of his day. This is what is called "The Accommodation Theory." The cur-

rent belief of his day would sometimes be right and sometimes wrong, but Jesus allowed himself, even when the common belief was wrong, to speak in accordance with it.

But whenever Jesus knew better than he taught it becomes exceedingly difficult to reconcile such a procedure with his perfect integrity. Such statements of his as we have quoted are direct and in independent declarations and rest entirely on the speaker's own credit, and if Jesus said anything that gives countenance to opinions that stand athwart all genuine scholarship of his own day or of ours, he certainly becomes guilty of an accommodation for which it is hard to find any justifiable ground.

3. The third answer as to the value of Christ's testimony we have just mentioned, and indeed have already answered. It is that explanation which preserves his integrity by claiming that he did not know any better. He was ignorant. And consequently his testimony is without value altogether.

Without entering into the discussions as to whether Jesus was competent to enter judgment concerning questions of scholarship, historical and critical, it must at least be conceded that his knowledge was entirely adequate to the discharge of his office as the permanent Teacher of the Church.

If it is found that Jesus taught things historically and scientifically untrue, and if in the interests of religion, if in order to retain the confidence of intelligent and truth-loving men in the Bible as in any sense the Word of God, it becomes necessary to revise such teaching, his authority as a Prophet of God must at once be relinquished.

But we have found ourselves asking if this can be true of him to Whom "the Spirit of God was given without measure," "Who spake as never man spake," Who was "with the Father from the beginning" and whom we call Lord and Master; and we have found ourselves wondering if there is not some other answer to the question of the value of Christ's testimony that will bring to us a satisfying degree of assurance that what Jesus said must have been true, and is to be accepted by us today as the one great ground and reason for our faith.

4. The other, and the only other answer to the question as to the value of Christ's testimony, must therefore be found in the fact of His divine personality. If He was the Only Begotten Son of God, then He knew whereof He spoke and had the full right and authority of God Himself to so speak, and His testimony must therefore be received as worthy of the most complete and unqualified acceptance.

That the writers of the Bible attributed such divine distinction to Christ and that Christ claimed it for Himself there is absolutely no doubt whatever, and this claim is surely substantiated by credentials sufficiently strong to satisfy any reasonable and fair-minded man.

(a) It is substantiated first by the wonderful life that He lived. You can search the whole world through for all the uncounted years it has stood and you will never be able to find another life like His; never be able to find any other man who could say, "Which one of you convinceth me of sin?" His God-like life was His answer to every doubting or uncertain soul.

(b) It is substantiated secondly by the wonderful words that he spoke. No man ever spoke as He did. The infidel comes along and sets up the teachings of Confucius and Buddha over and against that of Jesus Christ, but I challenge the comparison. Do you suppose the light of a thousand candle Mazda could suffer in comparison with the bright flame of a gas-jet? No more can the masterly teachings of Jesus suffer in comparison with the profoundest precepts ever uttered by any of the founders of these various earth-made religions.

(c) It is substantiated thirdly by the wonderful works He performed. Jesus said,

"The works that I do bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me." Look at His miracles and like Nicodemus you will have to say that God was incarnate in the man who did such wonderful things.

An infidel tells me that Jesus was a medium and that we have mediums who have done equally wonderful things and are doing them today. Well, that does remind me that I have heard something about an Oujia Board, and something about so-called slate-writing and table-tipping and certain other ghostly stunts. It may be however that I am not well informed, but I have never heard of any of these professional mediums quieting the waves and stopping a storm at sea, or of giving a public dinner to a hungry crowd of 5000 and getting the whole thing out of five small loaves and two little fishes.

Of course I know too that some people don't believe this. Jesus, like some preachers, they would have us believe, had gone over his time limit. Some people are woefully deficient in terminal facilities. Much like the preacher I heard of who prayed for the healing of a sick woman. The woman got well of her disease but died from old age before he got through praying. Or much like the man who prayed for twenty minutes and asked God to forgive his short comings.

And the Disciples said, "Jesus, you have preached these people out of their supper; there's nothing to eat out here in this desert." And Jesus said, "Well, there are a lot of us here who have some lunch; let us divide up as far as it goes."

And when an old Jew saw Him starting in, he said, "Well, that's the first preacher I ever saw who practiced what he preached," and shamed by his example he brought out his lunch basket, and this inspired another Jew, and this another and so on until the whole crowd brought out their lunch and they had a basket picnic right on the spot. Something like that we got from one of our pulpits sometime ago. There's no trouble for an inventive genius like that to explain anything on natural grounds.

There always has been a tendency to doubt the miraclous, to accommodate our theology to what is called the scientific spirit. Some preachers and some professors must be modern or nothing.

There are professors even in some of our Theological Seminaries who today seem to have forgotten, if they ever knew, the truth of what Henry Drummond said, namely, that "a religion without miracle is an absurdity." But when such intellectual giants as Strauss and Renan and Harper and

President Eliot have brought to bear against the supernatural in the Word of God all the strength of their brilliant genius and utterly failed to make out their case, these lesser intellectual lights can well afford to leave the subject alone.

The miracles of Jesus are invulnerable to attack. You might as well shoot boiled peas against the Rock of Gibraltar and expect to see it crumble down as to expect to see the miracles of Jesus fall under the fire of infidel criticism such as has been levelled against them through all the ages since He lived and wrought His wonderful works.

(d) It is substantiated fourthly by the wonderful influence He exerted upon the life and civilization of this world. What man in his right mind can look at what the religion of Jesus Christ has meant to the world in which we live and think for a single second that it could have come out of the teaching and the life of a man who deliberately tried to foist a fraud upon the world, or of a man who was so hopelessly demented as to imagine himself to be the only begotten Son of God when in fact he was but the poor, deluded son of a Jewish peasant.

How could He have been other than He claimed to be and at the same time touch this world with the transformation which has come to it by reason of his presence and

mission in it. And what Jesus Christ always has been, He is today; the transformer of the world's life, the reconstructor of the human society, the animator of human progress, the one Master Moulder of the world's civilization.

And thus we have the credentials of Jesus Christ, that He was the divine Son of God as both Himself and the Bible writers claimed Him to be. These credentials are His Matchless Character, His Masterly Teaching, His Mighty Works and His Marvelous Influence. And all this being so, we have the unmistakable evidence that He was a Teacher sent from God with the full right and authority of God Himself to speak, and therefore we are under the obligation of common honesty to accept His word and if we accept His word we must by very reason of it accept the Bible as the Word of God which He declares it to be.

And what a Book it is! A Book which the Son of God Himself does not disdain to quote. A Book for which century after century warriors have fought and martyrs have died. A Book that "fits into every fold and crevice of the human heart," and gives answer always to its deepest hunger.

"God's Word is like the treasure hid,
Or finest wheat in shock:
'Tis manna from the skies above,
And honey from the rock."

It is a lamp to our feet and a light to our path. And how true it is, as George Herbert wrote:

"The Bible? That's the Book. The Book indeed:
The Book of books,
On which who looks,
As he should do, aright, shall never need
Wish for a better light
To guide him in the night."

For as Pollok says:

"This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy took down, and in the night of time
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow.
And evermore beseeching men, with tears
And earnest sighs to hear, believe and live."

THE SUPERIORITY OF THE BIBLE'S TEACHING OVER ALL OTHER BOOKS IN THE WORLD.

I must confess to you that the majesty of the Scriptures astonishes me; the holiness of the Evangelists speaks to my heart and has such striking characters of truth, and is, moreover, so perfectly inimitable, that if it had been the invention of men, the inventors would be greater than the greatest heroes. Jean Jacques Rousseau, the well-known French rationalist.

II

THE SUPERIORITY OF ITS TEACHINGS.

We hear a great deal about comparative religion. It is all right so far as the Bible is concerned because the more it is compared with the sacred books of other religions, the more it will be seen to contain not a comparative religion, but as Joseph Parker once said, "the superlative one."

The Koran teaches that the mountains were created to keep the world from moving. The Hindus are taught that the earth rests on the back of an elephant and when the elephant moves the result is an earthquake. The Chaldeans were given to understand that Bel, the Supreme Deity, cut off his own head and from the drops of his blood men were formed.

But what a contrast is all this with the simple and yet sublime words of Moses, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth?" and the surprising statement of Job that God "hangeth the world upon nothing?" How did the Patriarchs find out that the stars could not be numbered for multitude? Ptolmey said there were only 1026. Christ said that at His coming some would be sleeping and some working in the

field. It looks like He thought the world was round.

But when we spoke of the superiority of Bible teaching, it was the ethics of the Bible we had in mind. While the Bible makes many remarkable statements which the latest science has shown to be in closest harmony with actual fact, the Bible nevertheless has not been given to us as a treatise on Geology or Astronomy or any other science. But it has been given to us as an authoritative and exhaustive teacher of ethical and spiritual truth.

And just here there are two songs the skeptics always sing. One is that the Bible contains statements that cannot with delicacy be read to a mixed audience. Well, this is true, and Bob Ingersol used to go around reading a few verses from the Bible and then stop abruptly and slam it down and apologize to his audience by saying, "I don't dare to insult your intelligence and decency by reading further," and of course every man in the crowd living a licentious life would applaud him to the echo.

But the things referred to were never intended for a mixed audience; just as there are many things in books on anatomy and other books that you find in the library of any physician which were never written to be read to a mixed audience. But this is no

evidence that the books do not contain the truth and should therefore be cast out as misleading and corrupt.

Indeed, one of the strongest evidences that the Bible, unlike these other books, is from God, is this very fact. When a man writes his own biography he leaves out of it all of the mean tricks he ever did, and he puts into it all the good things he thinks he ever did, and when you read it, you say, "What a fine man he must have been." About the same thing is true when somebody else does the writing.

You tell me that Noah got drunk and that David committed adultery. Yes, but what of that? Did no one else ever do these things, or curse and swear like Peter did? If you expect to read only about angels in the Bible, you must remember that even they have been known to fall.

But do you suppose that if the histories of these men had been written by some noted biographical expert and revised by a committee of ecclesiastical literati, that ever a word would have been said about Noah's drunkenness and Abraham's lies and Peter's profanity? No. Human biographies are not written that way. But when God tells the story of a man's life He lets the world know the truth about him. And so the very record bears witness that the Bible came from God.

The other song of the skeptic is that ethically considered there are other books just as good and in some respects better than the Bible. And when you ask him to name them, he begins to tell you at once and of course, of Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Mohammed, Socrates, Seneca and other pagan philosophers.

There are however a few things to be noted just here.

First.—That a good part of the Bible was written centuries before these men ever lived, that every ethical truth known to the world today may be found in germ at least in the Hebrew Scriptures, that these men were to some extent familiar with the same and that without doubt got much of the better part of their teaching from it.

Second.—We have conceded too much. I know that great truths fell from the lips of the ethnic seers, and that the non-Christian religions have many ethical utterances worthy of profound admiration. But take the teaching of Jesus about the great fundamental ethical conceptions, such as love and truth and purity and duty, and where in any non-Christian religion or when on the lips of any non-Christian teacher did the world ever see or hear moral philosophy so profound, so radiant with divine glory, and so God-like as that which came from the

heart and mind of the marvelous Man of Galilee?

Third.—The Bible contains all the moral and spiritual truth there is, while no other one book contains more than a fractional part of it. 4000 years have rolled away since much of the Bible was written and nearly 2000 years have gone since the pen that wrote the last word dropped from the hand of John in the Isle of Patmos, and yet there is not a single moral precept in possession of the world today that is not to be found in its essence at least upon the leaves of that Book.

You can gather up all the truth found in all the moral philosophies and ethical disquisitions outside of the Bible since the world began, and if you destroyed every page from which a single such truth has ever gleamed, we would still have in the Bible all the truth of this character which God Himself could impart to the human soul. And if there is any exception I have never heard of it or known it.

Fourth.—In the Bible, nothing but the truth is found. But in these other writings there is a lot of untruth.

I know that Aristotle had many fine things to say about benevolence and duty, but I also know that he urged upon the state the duty of throwing the unfit infants to the wild beasts out on the mountain sides.

I know that Marcus Aurelius discoursed fine about fortitude, temperance and justice, but I also know that he held it right to feed people to the lions for no other offence except that they were Christians.

I know that Socrates taught us much about submission to the will of providence and showed us in his own martyrdom something at least of the spirit in which a man ought to die, but I also know that he had some things to say about the propriety of public prostitution, great and glorious a soul as he was.

I know that Confucius finely emphasized a man's duty to his fellowmen, but I also know that he taught that under circumstances a lie was justifiable and did not hesitate to acknowledge that he sometimes practiced what he preached.

I also know, that Mohammed's heaven was little more than a Turkish harem, a sensual feast of sparkling wine and still more sparkling eyed and finely figured young women.

And so the gems of truth in these ethnic religions and philosophies are like diamonds in a bucket of pitch, and one is apt to get his fingers dirty going after them.

But the Bible contains not only truth but truth only. Science has turned its critical, microscopic eye upon it, but it has

never yet been convicted of essential error. Its ethical code has undergone the closest scrutiny of moral philosophers and not a flaw has been discovered in all its matchless precepts. How can you explain this in any other way but that the Bible is the Book of books, the one divine Book that comes from God, while these other books have come from men? It is the one great Book of Truth. No better definition has ever been given of it than the one given by Locke. "It has God for its Author, salvation for its end, and the truth without any mixture of error for its matter."

And the Bible is its own best commentator. Of course,

> "The owlet Atheism,
> Sailing across the sky with obscene wing,
> Drops his blue fringed lids,
> And hooting at the glorious sun
> Cries, 'Where is it.'"

And so the man who comes to this blazing sun of light and truth with eyes that are blind with prejudice and a heart calloused with unbelief can never find the glorious things revealed upon its blessed pages, but any man who comes disarmed and with the humility which becomes the honest searcher after God, such a man can no more doubt the divine inspiration of that Book and its consequent infallibility than he can doubt his own existence in the universe round about him.

When Alexander the Great stood before Diogenes, as he sat by his tub, the general asked the philosopher what he could do for him. And Diogenes rather grimly replied, "Simply get out of my light." And so leave a man alone with this Book without any intruding shadow of suspicion or doubt or destructive criticism and he will know that what is before him comes from God.

And perhaps a bit of advice like this may not be amiss for the man who scoffs and thinks it an evidence of superior intellect to criticize what God has revealed for the man's own good.

It is said that on a certain occasion a young member of Parliament was at the same house as the giant-minded Carlyle, and supposing Carlyle to be an unbeliever like himself, made some flippant remark about the Bible and the Christian religion. "Young man," said the giant-minded Carlyle, "I recommend you to retire to your chamber without delay, there to open your Bible, to go upon your knees before God, to ask for a better understanding of these matters, and not to rise until your prayer is answered. I believe you will then find yourself a happier and a wiser man."

"Within this awful volume lies,
The mystery of mysteries.
Happiest they of the human race
To whom God has granted grace

To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
  To lift the latch and force the way.
And better had they ne'er been born
  Who read to doubt, or read to scorn."

—Scott.

ITS POWER TO TRANSFORM HUMAN LIVES.

Thy word is like a garden, Lord,
With flowers bright and fair,
And everyone whose seeks may pluck
A lovely cluster there.

Thy word is like a starry host,
A thousand rays of light
Are seen, to guide the traveller
And make his pathway bright.

Thy word is like a glorious choir
And loud its anthems ring;
Though many tongues and parts unite,
It is one song they sing.

Thy word is like an armory,
Where soldiers may repair,
And find for life's long battle-day,
All needful weapons there.

O may we find our armor there,
Thy word our trusty sword,
And learn to fight with every foe
The battle of our Lord.

—Dickinson.

III

ITS POWER TO TRANSFORM HUMAN LIVES.

It was over in New Zealand that one day an unbeliever was sneering at the Bible to a native chief. The chief pointed to a great stone and said, "My father and I were once blood-thirsty cannibals. On that stone we slaughtered and roasted and devoured our human victims. We are Christians now. What raised us from what we were to what we are? The Bible at which you scoff."

I want now to give you a third reason why you may accept the Bible as the veritable Word of God, and that is *Its Transforming Power*. I am referring not now to what the Bible has done for the world in general, but to its power to bless and brighten the individual life, to lift it up to God, and in fact to make it completely over when it has been broken and ruined and lost. It has done this not for a few men but for milions.

There are other books in the world. Most of them worthless. It's a good thing to write a book yourself, just to see how few of them you can sell. But there are books that are useful and enlightening in many ways. There are books on philosophy, astronomy, geology, botany, and mathematics, but did

you ever hear of any of these books restraining lust, curbing sinful propensities and lifting foul and unholy men to a place of purity and respectability?

Did you ever hear a man say, "I was a miserable sinner, a wretched outcast, a disgrace to humanity and a nuisance in general until I read one of these books, and ever since that time the old life has been past forever, the shackles of sin have been broken, happiness has come into my heart, peace into my soul, health has come back and prosperity, and my home has been changed from a place of strife and quarrel and desolation into a little foretaste of heaven itself?"

Did you ever hear a man say, "I was a sinful brute of a husband and a worse father until I took up the study of Geology. I got me a little hammer and commenced to break off the corners of a few stones and blessed be that wonderful science, my brutality has been changed into kindness, my cruelty into love and I have had a song of joy in my heart ever since?"

Did you ever hear a man say, "I was a thief and I learned the multiplication table, and thanks be unto Mathematics, it put honesty into my heart?" Did you ever hear a man say, "I was impure and I read a book on Geometry and there I learned the defini-

tion of a parallelopipedon and discovered that the square of the hypothenuse of a right angle triangle is equal to the squares of the perpendicular and the base, and it put virtue and purity into my heart?" Did you ever hear a man say, "I was a drunken inebriate until I read something about the stars in a book on Astronomy, and I have been on the "water-wagon" ever since?"

Did you ever hear a man say, "I was lost and on my way to eternal perdition until one glad day I took up a book on human anatomy and I read there that the auditory and optic nerves were two tiny filaments so alike in color and structure that for one's life he could not tell them apart, and yet one of them will lay hold of certain vibrations in the air and through the tympanum of the ear will record them on the brain in strains of sweetest harmony or notes of wildest discord, while at the same time the other unmindful of the sound vibrations beating on every side will lay hold of a more delicate set, imperceptible to the first, and through the retina of the eye paint them on the brain in all the bewildering colors of nature's panorama, and when I had learned this, the burden of my sins rolled away, my soul was redeemed and I have been singing on my way to heaven from that day until now?"

No, you never heard any one say any of

these things. But you have heard hundreds, and you know there are millions, who have ascribed all these things to the reading of the words of this blessed Book we call the Bible. As they have read they have borne witness to a new power working for righteousness in mind and heart and to the thrill of a divine life in the very quick of their being.

I was conducting a series of evangelistic meetings in Newport News a short while ago, and one evening a letter was handed to me written on a letterhead of The Hotel Chamberlin at Old Point Comfort. I would like to have you hear that letter. Here it is:

My dear Mr. Biederwolf:

Eleven years, six months and six days ago, after I had been kicked out of the back room of the lowest three-cent stale beer dive in New York City, dressed in an old suit of clothes that I had fished out of an ash-barrel several weeks before, I went to the old Jerry McAuley Mission for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. You were one of the first ones to shake my hand that night after I got up off my knees at one of the old benches. I am at this hotel and would be more than pleased if you could find it possible to have dinner with me some night while you are here.

B. F. Alexander.

I found him there a guest in that high-class hotel, a spiritually minded Christian gentleman, traveling in great comfort and holding an honored position at a handsome salary. Now such an effort demands a cause efficient and sufficient to produce it, and that cause can be found only in the fact

that when the words of John 3:16 fell upon his ear, and "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest" was whispered into his heart, God was in those words "by the breath of His inspiring, quickening, regenerating, transforming Spirit."

Don't get an idea that this Book is only for men like that. It has done the same thing for the most intellectual and cultured.

Have you ever read the experience of George John Romanes? I mean his mind experience. I suppose that some of you have not. You have been so busy reading infidel books you haven't had time to read anything on the other side. It has been said that Romanes had the most brilliant mind of any man for three generations past. He is the author of the book, "Darwin and After Darwin," as well as many other master works.

He graduated from the great English University with highest honors, and he was a sincere Christian. He wrote books about God and about the laws of prayer. But in the speculations which were natural to a mind like his he began to see, as he said, that Christianity was unreasonable. He studied long and hard before he announced himself but finally he declared his unbelief to the word.

For twenty-five years Romanes did not utter a prayer, because he said his mind would not let him pray. He said it was "with utmost sorrow" that he felt compelled to accept his atheistic conclusions. In the soul-darkness into which his syllogistic reasoning had let him he confessed that the universe to him had lost the soul of its loveliness.

He said, "When at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as I now find it,—at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible."

How the sneering sceptics laughed, and how some of us in the church trembled, for Romanes was the leading scientist of the world and one whose sincerity the world had never doubted.

But George John Romanes is in heaven today. He died a member in good standing in the Church of England. While his reasoning was absolutely logical he discovered in after years that he had laid down a wrong premise with which to begin, and reasoning from it had reached his conclusions so fatal to his faith. He changed his premise and later wrote, "The doctrines of

the Incarnation and the Trinity seemed to me most absurd in my agnostic days, but now I see in them no rational difficulty whatsoever." And what was true of these doctrines was true of the others.

No man ought to lay any claim of intelligence and at the same time call himself a sceptic or an infidel until he has read "Thoughts on Religion" by George John Romanes.

To the list of such men might be added the names of Edward Everett Hale, Jr., Richard O. Waggoner, Dr. F. J. Woitishek, and more recently Papini, Joseph Parker and Thomas Cooper and names innumerable of other such men in whose mind and character similar moral revolutions have been wrought by the power of God in his written Word. Certainly a Book that has such power to lift men up to God must itself have come down from God.

Ralph Norton told us some time ago at the Winona Lake Bible Conference of two young Belgian soldiers. Maurice was visiting Robert in the Belgian trenches. The boys were cousins. And Maurice said:

"What is the matter with you? You are different from what you were when I saw you before?"

"No, I am just the same Robert," he said.

"But you are different," said Maurice, "there is something about you that is different."

"Well," said Robert, "the only thing I can say is that it must be due to this little Book," and he pulled out a little Testament. "That is the only thing that has made the change if there is any change in me."

And Maurice got the address of my friend Mr. Norton, and wrote him, and said,

"Dear Sir: I am a sceptic. I have answered to my own satisfaction every argument in favor of Christianity, but there is one thing I cannot get over, and that is the change in my cousin Robert's life. I would like you to tell me how that change took place, and if you think there is a similar experience for me."

And Mr. Norton simply sent him a Testament and told him to forget for the time what people have said about it and to read it thoughtfully for himself. Later Mr. Norton got a letter from Maurice telling him what the Book had done for him.

And I say again that a Book which has such power to lift men up to God must itself have come down from God, and I am reminded of what H. L. Hastings one time said. He said, "If you have any other book that will do such work as this, bring it along. The work needs to be done, and if

you have any other book that will do it, for heaven's sake bring it out. But for the present, while we are waiting for you, as we know this Book will do the work, we mean to use it until we can get something better."

The infidel may assault it, he may blaspheme it and laugh it to scorn, but it is God's Book, and as God's Book it is God's lever and it is moving the world.

IT'S MARVELOUS INFLUENCE ON THE WORLD.

"England became the people of a book, and that book was the Bible. It was, as yet, the one English book which was familiar to every Englishman. It was read in churches, it was read at home, and everywhere its words, as they fell on ears which custom had not deadened to their force and beauty, kindled a startling enthusiasm. Elizabeth might silence or tune the pulpits, but it was impossible for her to silence or tune the great preachers of justice and mercy and truth, who spoke from the Book which the Lord again opened to the people. The effect of the Bible in this way was simply amazing. The whole temper of the nation was changed. A new conception of life and of man superceded the old. A new moral and religious impulse spread through every class."

—Green, in his "Shorter History of the English People."

IV

ITS MARVELOUS INFLUENCE ON THE WORLD.

I wonder if Queen Victoria was right when she said, "The Bible is the secret of England's greatness."

I wonder if Mr. Green in his "History of the English People," was right when he said, "The effect of the Bible on the character of the people at large was simply amazing."

I wonder if Canon Farrar was right when he said, "It was the Bible that made America what she is."

Let us frankly ask ourselves the question, Which went *first* into China and India and Africa and South America, the steel plow and the twine binder or the Bible? Which went *first*, such measure of law and order and decency as now obtains, or the Word of God?

We have not forgotten that infidel Ingersol said, "Wherever the Bible has been read, men have immediately commenced cutting each other's throats. Wherever that Bible has been circulated, men have commenced hating each other with all their hearts." But let us turn from infidel oratory at $200.00 per night to cold-blooded, indisputable facts.

In England, a Bible land, there is only one murder to every 178,000 inhabitants. In Holland, a Bible country, there is only one murder to every 100,000 of the inhabitants. In Spain where there is no Bible, there is one murder for every 4,113 inhabitants. In Rome there is one to every 950 inhabitants.

Once more, in London, a Bible city, there are four illegitimate children for every 100 legitimate ones. In Paris, where the Bible is scarcely ever read, there are 48 for every 100, and in Rome, where this Book is suppressed for every 100 legitimate children there are 243 illegitimate ones.

France burned her Bibles and she has had fifteen governments in less than a hundred years. Poor Mexico, deprived of the Word of God through priestcraft, has gone through baptism after baptism of riot and bloodshed and death. She has had sixty revolutions since 1820 and is at it yet.

What Victor Hugo said to Spain and Italy may well be said to any nation that has never known God, or has repudiated and turned away from His Word: "There is a book," said he, "which is an emanation from above—the Book, the Bible. You have proscribed it. Now let us see your pupils." I have just been giving you a few samples as between the pupils of Bible lands and otherwise, and the contrast can speak for itself.

Charles Darwin was strongly prejudiced against the supernatural, but he frankly confessed that the Bible had done for the Terra-del Fuegans what he thought was impossible.

What did Darwin mean when he said, "A man about to be shipwrecked on some unknown coast will devoutly pray that the lesson of the missionary will have reached that far." He meant that where the Gospel had not gone, civilization had not gone, and that a shipwrecked man under these conditions might eventually find himself headed for the soup tureen of a tribe of husky cannibals.

The infidel has kept himself busy berating the Bible, but we note amusingly that he always manages to hang around where its shadow falls. He knows that otherwise he would get into embarrassing circumstances with regard to his scalp.

We cannot help but repeat the story of the two infidels, an uncle and a nephew, who were shipwrecked on the shores of a wild island known to have been inhabited by cannibals. They hid under the bushes in the daytime and scoured about a bit in nighttime for a few herbs and other means of living. One morning the nephew said, "Uncle, I'm getting tired of this and I have made up my mind that I would about as lief furnish

a meal for the cannibals as to lie around under these bushes and starve to death, and I am going on a reconoitering expedition."

On a little hill a bit in the distance was a large tree and he climbed up into its branches and looked about in the different directions. All at once he let loose, came tearing down the tree and bounded down into the presence of his uncle so fast that his uncle thought the whole cannibal tribe was after him.

"Uncle, Uncle," he exclaimed, "we're dead safe; we're dead safe! I saw the spire of a church!"

And profane, unbelieving infidels though they were, they knew that where the church pointed its spire toward the sky there the Bible had gone, and there the Gospel had been preached, and there human life was held in due regard.

It's strange that these infidels who don't like churches and Bibles and Sunday schools and preachers and deacons, and so on, don't move; they can still find a few places that are without them.

Everybody knows that where the Bible has gone it has made things safe. Have you ever seen a rogue's museum? If you have you have found there guns and dirks and sandbags and brass knuckles and skeleton keys, but you never found a Bible in the whole kit.

If you know the history of human liberty and civil government, you know the place the Bible has held in it all. One of the most significant monuments in the world stands on the village green, the battlefield of Lexington. It is a massive pulpit with an open Bible lying on it, cut from the everlasting granite.

If you know the history of education, you know the Pilgrim fathers built first the church and then the schoolhouse and that all the way from this humble beginning to the great university the work was conceived and carried on by men who loved the Bible and whom the Bible inspired with a love for learning.

If you know the history of jurisprudence, you know the Bible is the foundation of law in all the civilized nations of the earth.

If you know the history of literature, you know that Mr. Green in his History of England, declared that "as a mere literary monument the English version of the Bible remains the noblest example of the English tongue."

You know, also, that Ruskin said of himself, "I owe to the Bible the best part of my taste in literature."

You know also, that Hall Caine said of his own writings, "Whatever strong situa-

tions I have in my books are not of my own creation, but are taken from the Bible. 'The Deemster' is the story of the prodigal son; 'The Bondsman' is the story of Esau and Jacob; 'The Scapegoat' is the story of Eli and his sons, and 'The Manxman' is the story of David and Uriah."

You know also, that in Shakespeare there are 187 actual quotations from the Bible and 551 allusions to it; that in Tennyson there are 400 references to the Old Testament alone, and that in Browning there are more than 500 allusions to the Word of God.

If you know the history of Music, you know that the great masterpieces, which have thrilled the souls of millions, cannot be appreciated apart from a knowledge of the Bible. What of Handel's "Messiah" and Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Bethoven's "Mount of Olives," and scores of others time will not permit to mention.

If you know the history of art, of painting and sculpture, you know that the canvas of Raphael and Murillo and Michael Angelo, Rubens, Dore and Tissot and literally scores of the master painters of the world speak with a dead language, and that the sculpture of Angelo and Donatello and Pisaono and Thorwaldsen stands mute in one's presence if he does not have an ac-

quaintance with what is found on the pages of the Book of books.

Indeed there is no other book, there are no other hundreds of books, to which the advance of civilization, social betterment, philanthropy, literature, art and culture in general owes even the smallest fractional part of the debt it does to the Bible.

It was a great cartoon that Kaulbach painted of the Reformation, but he became the exponent of a mighty truth in doing it. He represented Martin Luther standing with an open Bible in his hand, while around him are grouped all the explorers and investigators and scientific and literary leaders of the age.

In view of all this what are we going to say to these men who want to deny to such a Book an equal place alongside of other books in our public schools.

At a meeting in Washington years ago Indian chiefs from the reservations had come to see the President, Mr. Harrison. The peace conference was being presided over by John Wanamaker, then Postmaster General. One of the Indian chiefs arose to speak through an interpreter, and he said:

"Our homes are not like your homes; our wives don't dress like your wives; our children don't live like your children; we don't live in any way like our paleface

brother, the white man. Our homes are not like your homes. Our manner of living is not like yours. What makes the difference? What medicine must the poor Indian take? Tell me, great father, that I may go back to my people and tell them."

Major General O. O. Howard, who wears the empty coat sleeve to the honor of his country, jumped to his feet, rushed to the platform, seized the Bible, and raising it above his head, he said:

"Mr. Speaker, tell the poor Indian that this is the medicine. This is the medicine that will make the world's wrongs right. This is the medicine that will close every grogshop in this country. This is the medicine that will make capital and labor shake hands. This is the medicine that will reduce to a minimum the difficulty between classes and masses and drive misery and sorrow, and corruption, and intrigue out of life and make out of this old sin-cursed world a paradise of blessing."

And I commend it to you because of this as the very Word of God Himself.

When Edward Douglass White, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, took the usual oath administered he kissed the Bible. And yet there are those, thousands of them, who shove it aside as if it were an offense to their culture and an

insult to their intelligence to even look upon it.

I do not mean to say this is all because of ignorance; but a large part of it is, and as a rule the people who criticize the Bible most are the people who know the least about it. This is especially true when a man goes out of his way to criticize it.

A self-styled sceptic once said to a noted divine who was reading his Bible:

"It's time you stopped reading that book. The scientific world has long since repudiated it."

They were on the train and he said it for the benefit of a few who were listening.

"It would be better for you, sir, if you knew more about this old Book," replied the clergyman.

"Oh, I know all about it; I have studied it from one end to the other."

"Well, what is your idea of the Book of Jehoiachim?" said the minister.

"The Book of Jehoiachim," sir," replied the sceptic, "why it is the best book in your Bible, but it is full of contradictions and historical inaccuracies."

"Well," said the old clergyman, much to the amusement of the listeners, and to the total squashing of the sceptic, "there is no such book in the Bible."

A professor in Yale said, if he had his

way he would make as an entrance condition to the college an examination in regard to the Bible. But I fear it would be rather hard on the attendance if one has to judge from the knowledge of the Bible possessed by the average college student of today. Ninety-six of them took an examination once. Thirty-six couldn't tell what the Pentateuch is; forty put the Book of Judges in the New Testament; sixty-five couldn't recite a single verse of the Book of Romans; among the prophets were Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; Sodom and Gomorrah were husband and wife; the Epistles were wives of the Apostles; while Herod and Ananias took the role of kings of Israel. Among the Beatitudes one fellow put, "Blessed are the hungry, for they shall be fed."

Some one has said, and said it truly, "if you will get all of the undergraduates of the colleges and universities of this country together in one building and examine them upon their knowledge of the Word of God, the result would be the most magnificent contribution to humor and foolishness that you have ever read."

The Bible is a mine of truth, and like the mines of Cornwall, the deeper you go the richer the treasure.

The Bible is not a Book to be skimmed over; it is a Book to be digested. It is an

extensive garden with fruits and flowers for every need and delight of the soul, but it is not to be fluttered over like the gaudy butterfly darting here and there and sipping elegantly wherever it finds a drop of ready nectar, but it is to be searched the rather like the plodding bee who goes down to the bottom of every flower cup he meets and either finds honey or makes it. The one dies in November, while the other is warm and well-supplied in his hive the whole of the winter through.

"We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul;
And weary seekers of the best
We come back laden from our quest
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read."

No wonder when Sir Walter Scott was dying the great literary genius surrounded by a library of forty thousand books said to Lockhart, his son-in-law, "Bring me the Book." And when asked what book he meant, he replied, "There is but *one* book; bring me the Bible."

ITS WONDERFUL STRUCTURE.

I never omit to read it, and every day with the same pleasure. Nowhere is to be found such a series of beautiful ideas, admirable moral maxims, which produce in one's soul the same emotion which one experiences in contemplating the infinite expanse of the skies resplendent upon a summer's night with all the brilliance of the stars. Not only is one's mind absorbed, it is controlled, and the soul can never go astray with this Book for its guide.

—Napoleon Bonaparte.

V

ITS WONDERFUL STRUCTURE

They tell us that every piece of rope in the British Navy has a red thread running through it, so that if anybody helps himself to a piece of it he knows and everybody who knows him knows that he is a violator of the eighth commandment. And do you know that something like that is true of the Bible.

We have already seen four reasons why this Book is the very Word of God, and I want now to commend it to you as being that very thing for a fifth reason; its Wonderful Structure; the Unity and the Harmony of it all.

Wherever you cut into a piece of the British Navy's rope there you will see the red thread running through it, and so whenever you open up the Bible, whenever you look into it and examine it you will find a thread running through it from beginning to end, the Unity and the marvelous Harmony of it all.

The Dome of St. Peters is a marvelous piece of work. It was fifty years in building, and its architect was dead thirty years before it was finished. How then do you account for its symmetry and all that goes to make it the wonder that it is? Simply by

the fact that Michael Angelo, who conceived it, left behind him such complete plans that no mistake could enter in to mar its beauty and perfection.

The temple first built on Mt. Moriah was an architectural paragon such as the world had as yet not seen. It was seven years in building. Not a sound of hammer or saw was heard in its construction. Every stone was cut and squared and polished in the quarry, and every beam and board was wrought into its proper shape before it reached the temple site, and yet every timber and every stone fit into its place with finest ease. But we do not wonder at this because we know the builders built wiser than they knew and only put together the idea wrought out in wood and stone by the one presiding brain that planned the whole.

The time came in my earlier experience when I had opportunity to realize one of the ambitions of my life to see the Cathedral of Milan. As I traveled across the mighty Alps and through that longest of tunnels in the world, I thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night, and at last I stood one day before it, the mighty masterpiece of the world's architecture. I walked around it and climbed its tallest, dizziest steeple. I read its history and found in its building five centuries had come and gone, during which

time nations had fallen and new continents had been discovered, but at last it was finished, stone upon stone until its mighty turrets had pierced the skies, and so perfect is the work that poets have called it "A poem in stone," and others have spoken of it as "frozen music." We wonder, of course, but one controlling architect explains it all.

Now I ask you in all candor, What would you expect in any case where no superintending genius rules the situation?

Let us suppose that forty builders of various types, living 1500 years apart should each one in his own land hew and chisel out a number of stones, each utterly ignorant of the other's work, and in after years when these stones were brought together what would you expect to find? Just a pile of stones, of course.

But suppose that out of these stones there arose a cathedral as glorious and perfect as any that Angelo ever built, or a statue as artistic as any that ever came from the chisel of a Phidias or a Ghiberti! Then what?

Well, just this last is true of the Bible. The Bible is composed of sixty-six separate books written by at least forty different writers, living at periods of time in some cases 1500 years apart, and in countries hundreds of miles apart.

They wrote in three different languages.

Some of them were skilled in the wisdom of Egypt, educated in the schools of Babylon and trained at the feet of Jewish Rabbi's, while some of them were ignorant.

They wrote, some of them, in the palace and some of them in the tent.

Among them were doctors, farmers, fishermen and tax-gatherers.

They wrote without any preconcerted plan or collusion, for by the nature of the case such a thing was impossible.

Now, in after years when these writings were brought together what would you expect to find? Just a pile of books, of course.

We would expect under such circumstances, as I have said, total discord and utter lack of unity. But instead of this we find the Book to be one harmonious whole, symmetrical in all its proportions, and one dominant, ever expanding thought running through it from the beginning to the end, until, speaking in terms of the cathedral once more, there rises before you this matchless temple of God's truth, every stone fitting into its place, so complete, so perfect and so divine that no one must presume to add a stone to it or dare to take one from it.

I know this is an old argument, but it's a mighty strong one, and no man can be honest and fair who does not meet it and either

refute it, if he thinks he can, or acknowledge it, if he can't.

Well has Dr. Joseph Kyle said, "Gather out of a like stretch of years a like company of men and assign to them the task of producing a treatise on any subject that has to do with morals and religion, leaving them to the guidance of their own unaided powers and native sense of propriety, and what a jumble would result! Let forty of the high priests of the critical schools of our time, who reckon themselves the scholars of the world and profess to know exactly what the Bible is not and what it ought to be, furnish us with a volume dealing with like lofty themes to take the Bible's place, and we shall see whether or not a unity such as is a crowning distinction of the Word of God is possible without the supervision and control of the God to whom the Bible owes its claim to be believed. This is a challenge which destructive criticism dare not accept."

Indeed, if this Book is only human, then by every law of progress and by every rule of development the centuries that have gone since its production ought to have produced a better one. It is not a bit remarkable to me, but it ought to be to an unbeliever, that among the many men, brilliant in other respects, who have made so much noise about

the human origin of this Book, some of them have not done it.

Why didn't Celsus do it, or Porphry or Paine or Ingersol? There is fame and fortune in it.

The destructive critics of this day talk glibly about modern scholarship, as if wisdom is to die with them, and to hear the noise they make you would think that the concensus of scholarship was all their way. But their noise is a good deal like that of the frogs in the Wisconsin ponds. They made so much noise that a man wanted to contract with the hotel at the summer resort to deliver a carload of frog legs. He knew he could do it. The ponds were teeming with batrachians. He could tell it by the sound. He fulfilled his contract with a single pair of legs from one huge frog.

The proprietor said, "I thought you were going to bring me a wagon load of them."

"Well, this old fellow made so much noise down there I thought there was a wagon load of them, but when I went to hunt for them I found there was only this one."

No, gentlemen, when you stand face to face with the argument for the divinity of the Book as founded upon the marvelous unity of its structure, you are not dealing with the "fine spun speculations of cloi-

tered theologians," but with plain, patent and indisputable fact.

I say again, therefore, that the only fair and rational way to explain it is to admit, as honesty compels one to do, that back of all the workmen that wrought upon this structure there was one all-controlling, all-directing supernatural Architect, and at the same time to acknowledge, in the light of what has been said, that this Bible, despite all that men and devils have done to defame and destroy it, stands forth yesterday, today and forever, as the Book of books, the marvel of the ages.

ITS UTTER INEXHAUSTIBILITY.

The most learned, acute and diligent student cannot, in the longest life, obtain an entire knowledge of this one volume. The more deeply he works the mine, the richer and more abundant he finds the ore; new light continually beams from this source of heavenly knowledge, to direct the conduct and illustrate the work of God and the ways of men; and he will at last leave the world confessing that the more he studied the Scriptures, the fuller conviction he had of his own ignorance and of their inestimable value.

—Sir Walter Scott.

VI

ITS UTTER INEXHAUSTIBILITY.

And now we come yet to another, a sixth, reason why I commend this Book to you as the very Word of God; and that is because of its Utter Inexhaustibility.

Spurgeon once said, "The flowers in God's garden bloom not only double but sevenfold and are always pouring forth fresh fragrance."

The Bible is like a perennial spring; new truth is always gushing from its hidden depths. In the Dresden gallery of royal gems there is a silver egg and when you touch a spring it opens and discloses a golden chicken. And when you touch the chicken it opens and discloses a crown studded with glittering gems, and when you touch the Crown it opens and discloses a magnificent diamond ring. Just so it is with the Bible. The more you study it the more you touch its successive springs and as you go down into it you find ever increasing revelations of beauty and wonder richer than the gems that any royal gallery ever furnished.

Some books are fit only to be tasted; some you can swallow with a gulp, but the Bible is to be chewed and digested. Study this Book, gentlemen, and you will find its

one great fascination to be that it has within itself heights you can never reach and depths you can never fathom. It is a book you can never finish with. There is scarcely a piece of it that can be exhausted with a single explanation.

If man had made this book it would have been exhausted long ago and laid on the shelf as have all other century-worn volumes that have come only from the brain and heart of man. Infidels have written books, but where are they? Where is Porphry? Where is Julian? Fragments only are left, and for these, it has been truly said, we are indebted to Christian criticism. Where is Celsus, and Hume, and Tom Paine, and Voltaire and Bolingbroke? "It requires a world's reprieve," as someone has put it, "to bring them out of their darkness."

But this Book has endured: it has stood in history, the New Testament for 2000 years and the Old Testament for nearly 4000 years, and this is a fact with which the thoughtful man must reckon.

"The indictments lodged against the Bible yesterday," as Riley says, "are all dead issues today." The Pentateuch still outshines all twentieth century deliverances; the Proverbs still hold the wisdom and the wit of the ages; the Psalms still provide the

inspiration of all soulful song, and in the teachings of Jesus the world has found at last the Himalayian mountain peaks of justice and righteousness and moral perfection in general.

Whittier has well sung in his "Mirian":

"We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said,
Is in the Book our mothers read."

One of the most learned men of recent times was Charles Elliott. He was a close and life-long student of the Bible. When in his seventy-seventh year, and just a month before he died, he read the Old Testament through, the last of scores of times, and one morning when his daughter asked him what he was reading, he said, "I am reading news." Something new and fresh every time you pore over its pages!

It is amusing to hear these infidels talk about the Bible being worn out, emptied, effete. Why, there were 28,000,000 of them printed last year. It is the only book with which the publishing companies can never get overstocked.

When the New Testament was revised in 1881 men offered $500.00 to get a copy of that little book a few hours in advance of its

publication, and on the morning it was published the streets of New York City were blockaded with scores of express wagons waiting for the copies of the Book which these infidels had exploded and refuted and killed and buried so many years before.

The longest message ever telegraphed, a message containing 118,000 words was that Book from the first of Matthew to the last of Romans, wired all the way from New York to Chicago, for the sake of getting it there a few hours faster than the mails could bring it, so it might appear in the daily newspapers. An exhausted Book! A dead Book! They wouldn't pay for telegraphing from one station to another the greatest infidel speech ever made on this side of perdition.

Only a quarter of a century ago out in Peoria, Ill., where Bob Ingersol lived he told the people there that in twenty-five years the Bible would be a forgotten book, and that the church would be a played-out institution. Over in a little wooden church on a side street was a humble Methodist minister of the itinerant sort, and Bob referred to him as "the half-starved preacher," and compared his own lucrative law practice and his elegant home yonder on the hill with the insignificant salary and the humble cottage of the humble minister.

The next Sunday this same obscure minister entered his pulpit and said he would do a little prophesying himself, and he said, "In twenty-five years from now the Methodist Church of Peoria will be one of the most influential institutions in this city and will occupy one of the most important corners with its imposing structure; and as for this vaunting Goliath, who dares defy the armies of the living God, he will be wellnigh forgotten."

And now the quarter of a century is about gone, and today the First Methodist Church of Peoria has one of the finest church buildings in the whole state; the site where Ingersol had his law office is now occupied by a magnificent Young Men's Christian Association Building, and the handsome home on the hill where Ingersol lived has given way to a large tobacco factory where they manufacture the meanest and stinkingest and rottenest five cent cigar in all America.

Worn out! Exchausted! If all the University professors in the world, and all the Scientific Literati and Philosophical Savants, or any other sort of academically distinguished Dignitaries, oozing odors of musty tomes and mouldy parchments—if they sat side by side and deliberated a thousand years they couldn't sound, as Henry

Ward Beecher once said, "the shallowest depths of the Gospel of John."

Men, broad and deep in scholarly attainment, men of keenest analytical culture, the wisest men of earth have lingered among its pages and pondered over its sayings since first it was given to the world. Together as collaborateurs they have searched among its hidden veins of truth, and yet none has ever been found who has presumed to say he has sounded the depths which in very fact are unfathomable.

I have a friend, a great preacher by the name of Williams, and he tells me of an experience he had one day up on beautiful Geneva. He said, "I stood upon the prow of a little skiff in the clear waters of this beautiful, blue lake. My eye followed the bending path of a sunbeam through its crystal way, until far down below the surface it grasped a shining pebble in its close embrace, as though it were a pearl.

"I'll have it," said I.

"It's too deep," said my companion.

"I can get it," I answered.

"And taking a deep breath I plunged in. Down, down, down, and ever as before my pearl gleamed in the distance. Down, down, on down, till the crushing weight of many waters roared and thundered in my ears; yet the speck seemed as far away as at first.

'You have failed, and now back, back to air and life with all your strength,' and suffocated, strangled, at last I reached the light and air.

"It's too deep," I cried.

"I told you it was," he said.

And so men have tried to reach the depths of this Book, but after nineteen centuries of earnest, persistent effort, diving deep and diving long, they have all returned to say, "It's depths are past finding out; we have found treasures rich and rare, but we come back conscious of divine deposits of truth just a little deeper than we could go." How are you going to account for this on any other theory but that in this Book are hidden the infinite treasures of the wisdom and the knowledge of an omniscient God?

It is proven to be the Word of God by its utter inexhaustibility.

And say, my friend, if this Book is a dull and an uninteresting one to you, do you know I can tell you the reason why. There is a Man in the Book, and you need to know Him, or perhaps to know him better than ever you have before.

Dr. Moorhead one day gave to his children a puzzle map, one of those made out of variously shaped pieces of wood and told them to put it together. They worked patiently, but at last they said we can't do it,

and said the great Bible teacher, "It was an awful jumble." They had a part of North America in South America and were mixed up every way. Suddenly the larger child discovered that on the other side of one piece of the map there was part of a man's hand, and then she turned over another piece and there was part of a man's face, and she cried to her sister who had given up in despair and gone away, "Come back; there is a man on the other side," and almost instantly they completed out the figure of the man, and when the map was turned over every river and lake, mountain and plain was in the proper place.

And this is the secret of Bible study. There is a man in the Bible. Every Scripture is full of Christ and from Genesis to Revelation everything breathes of Him. Put Christ together first. Come to know Him and as you know Him you will love Him.

I have heard of a young woman who was given a book by a friend and told she would find it interesting. But it was not. To her it was most awfully dry and dull. Several times she tried to read it but at last gave it up in disgust. A few weeks later she met a young man who became very much interested in her and she likewise in him. One day she discovered his name to be exactly like that of the writer of the book, and when

he came next time to see her she told him about it. Very modestly the young man acknowledged himself to be the author of the book. And that night when he went away she took up the book and she began to read and read until the early hours of morning and wondered how she ever could have found a dry line in it. She was in love with the author of the book.

ITS ABSOLUTE INDESTRUCTIBILITY

Destroy the Bible! I have stood upon the north coast, lifting itself with imperial grandeur from the foundations of the earth, and watched the swellings of the sea, as with long, majestic and apparently resistless sweep, they hurled themselves with all their prodigous energy against the pulseless bosom of the giant-buttressed rocks, and, up! up!! up!!! they climbed, until their strength was well nigh gone, and then shaking themselves into hoariness, fall backward into their own watery depths. And so, the surgings of infidel hate, with hellish and most malignant fury, have for centuries hurled themselves against this Book—the Rock of the Eternal Ages!—only, and always, to be hurled backward into their own dark and damning depths. But the Old Rock still stands.

—Munhall.

Cities fall, kingdoms come to nothing, empires fade away as smoke, but the Bible remains. That this Book no tyrant should have been able to consume, no tradition to choke, no heretic maliciously to corrupt; that it should stand unto this day, amid the wreck of all that is human, without the alteration of one sentence so as to change the doctrine taught therein, surely this is enough to make us know that there is a very singular providence back of it all, and one which claims our attention in no unremarkable manner."

—Bishop Jewell.

VII

ITS ABSOLUTE INDESTRUCTIBILITY.

When the castle of Heidleberg was captured the enemy afterwards blew up its walls. But if you will go there today you will find the castle tower standing there in the weedy moss practically as strong and secure as in the days when it graced the castle walls. In the splendid joining of its stones and the hardening of the ancient mortar it had become such a solid structure that "instead of descending in a shower of rubbish it came down superbly a tower still."

Here is, therefore another reason, a seventh, why I commend this Book to you as the very Word of God, and that is because of its Absolute Indestructibility.

Said Arthur T. Pierson, "Nothing more marvelous in history can be found than the continued preservation of the Word of God despite the persecution it has encountered. It is at once the miracle of history and the history of miracle."

It was Spurgeon who told us of two little boys, one a very bad little boy and the other a very good little boy. The bad little boy went out to throw mud at the moon and

the good little boy took a basin of water and went out to wash it off. But, what do you suppose the moon was doing all the time? Just shining on as usual and shedding its light over the darkened earth while the little boys were throwing mud and splashing water.

And so the Word of God, unharmed by assault and unaffected by the bitter blows that have meant to annihilate it "survives infidelity, outlives criticism and stands immortal, indestructible and imperishable," and sheds its benign influence upon a world still dead and dark in trespass and sin.

What other book has ever stood so impregnable amidst such storms of persecution and surrounding disaster and such hostile attempts of man and devil to destroy it? If it had been man's book it never could have survived.

All that human ingenuity could contrive, all that human scholarship could suggest and all that inhuman brutality could accomplish has been done to annihilate it, but it still endures, and stands unmoved amid the ages. It is exactly what William E. Gladstone, the great statesman of England called it, "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scriptures."

Every dart of criticism has fallen blunted and broken at its feet. They tell us that

the birds in the harbor of New York beat themselves into insensibility against the glass from which the light streams in the Statue of Liberty. We can well understand how that is true. And so, as another has said, the creatures of darkness have assaulted this Word and sought to put out its eternal light, but they have only fallen stunned and defeated at its base, while it rises still from its rocky pedestal immovable and serene.

It seemed at times to its enemies as though they were about to triumph.

Tom Paine said, "I have gone through the Bible as a man would go through a forest with an axe to fell trees. I have cut down tree after tree; here they lie; they will never grow again."

Voltaire said with curling lip, "Another century and there will not be a Bible on the earth." But the century has gone and the circulation of this book would be one of the marvels of the age if we did not know that God was behind it.

More than 400,000,000 copies have been issued. It is printed in no less than 600 languages and dialects spoken by man. Twenty-seven different Societies are devoted to the task and more than 20,000,000 copies are issued every year. Three of these Societies send forth twenty Bible volumes for

every minute of every working hour throughout the year.

It seems, indeed, as though the Bible has thrived and prospered on the hard treatment it has received at the hands of its enemies. You are doubtless familiar with the well-known story of the way the Irishman built his fence. When the time for settlement came the man he built it for asked him how high it was.

Pat said, "Four feet, sir."

"Well, what assurance have I got," said the man, "that it won't fall over?"

"Well, Sir," said Pat, "I made it five feet thick and if it falls down, it will be higher than it was before."

You can make your own application in this case.

"Every little while," as Hastings says, "somebody blows up the Bible; but when it comes down it always lights on its feet, and runs faster than ever through the world."

If I had to classify the different forms of persecution, the storms of which the Bible has had to weather, I would do it somewhat as follows:

I. PAGAN PERSECUTION.

Celsus in the second century threw all the force of his mighty genius against it. Porphyry in the fourth century lent his keen, philosophical mind to the unholy at-

tack. And Julian and Lucien and scores of others tried to drive it out of existence.

But what philosophy and satire and genius in general could not do, imperial and political power sought to do by other means. Javius Diocletian, the emperor of Rome, made famous, or rather, infamous, by ordering all Bibles to be burned, and because some Christians like John of Egypt could repeat whole chapters and sections of the Word, he further issued his bloody edict that all who owned the Book should be put to death. But the Book, it seems, had come into the world to stay and all the batterings of pagan powers of every kind made about as much impression as if you were shooting paper wads at Gibraltar.

II. PAPAL PERSECUTION.

This, of course, is of a different kind. "Papal Rome," says Saphir, "became the jailer of the Word of God." She locked it up from the common people and put the keys in the hands of the priests.

In England in the time of Henry the Fifth Bible reading was made a crime. A law was enacted saying, "That whosoever they were that should read the Scriptures in the mother tongue, they should forfeit land, chatel, life, and goods from their heyres forever; and so be condemned for

heretics to God, enemies of the crowne, and most errant traitors to the lande."

We do not need to go back to the time of Diocletian to find the Bible consigned to the flames. We have had an Auto de Fe in the Twentieth Century. Two thousand Bibles were burned recently in the plaza of Vigan, the largest and most important city of northern Luzon. These Bibles had been distributed in connection with a moving picture exhibit of Scriptural films. The Roman Catholic authorities in turn gave a similar exhibit, exacting as an admission fee one of the thousands of Bibles that had been distributed. About 2,000 gave this strange fee and then these Bibles were publicly burned on the plaza by the Catholic authorities. The result however was that on the day after the bonfire 3,000 additional Bibles were distributed by the representatives of the American Bible Society. Wide attention was attracted to the event, and what is going to be the possible outcome of this unique advertisement thus furnished the Word of God other than the furtherance of the Gospel in the Philippines. Yes, the Bible is here to stay and you might as well try to brush the spots off the sun as to try to sweep the Bible off the earth.

III. SCIENTIFIC PERSECUTION.

Then we must not overlook the fact that there has been the antagonism of Science; that a certain species of Science has stalked into the pulpit and sought to set aside the Word of God.

We know full well the debt we owe to Science, but Science should know its place and above all should learn a little humility from its own failure to solve the many riddles that have forever been laughing in its face.

Modern Science tells us it would take 250,000 years to count the atoms in a pinhead and that these are sweeping about each other like so many revolving worlds. It's an interesting piece of information, but will Science tell us anything about the mystery of matter itself that Plato or Aristotle did not know. Will Science explain motion to us and tell us how these molecules, or electrons, as they call them now, ever began to move in the first place. Will Science tell Charles Darwin what life is and where it came from? Will it unravel the mystery of thought and resolve the riddle of self-consciousness? And if it renders a verdict, how does it know but that later Science will prove it false?

Science after all is but little more than the history of discarded theories. In 1806

the French Institute of Science had no less than eighty scientific theories on record every one of which was hostile to the Bible, but today there is not a respectable scientist in the world who will lend his name to a single one of them.

And so when these learned men of scientific method come running breathless into the pulpit and tell the startled crowd that this, that and the other thing can't be true because of what they have discovered, we are not going to be in a hurry to lay on the shelf the Old Book our fathers and mothers taught us to believe came from God.

The Bible puts the creation of light before the creation of the sun, and Science grinned sardonically and said it couldn't be so. But science in those days knew nothing about radium and helium or pitch-blende and perhaps other substances which glowed with radio activities that even in this day have not been discovered; nor did it know that light came from vibration caused by the cooling of heated bodies, and that therefore this seeming contradiction can find full explanation in the process through which the earth in its formative period had necessarily to pass.

They said that Exodus claims that the name Jehovah was unknown to the patriarchs. That is not so; but if it is and Exo-

dus is a forgery, as they could have us believe, then the author of the forgery must have been a brilliant one indeed to have given himself away like that. The argument refutes itself.

They said no whale could ever have swallowed Jonah; its throat is not big enough. But I heard Frank T. Bullen, who knew as much if not more about the deep sea than any man of his day, say he helped to capture a whale more than 86 feet long in whose stomach, when they cut him open, they found a shark fourteen feet long and four feet in diameter. It may have been a whale that swallowed Jonah, but the Bible doesn't say it was.

They say that Moses could not have written the Pentateuch because at the date assigned writing and such literary excellence was unknown. And then some inconsiderate archaeologist dug up a whole town over there and found a library filled with books showing that writing had been a known art hundreds of years before Moses had ever been born, and that a splendid literature existed long before Moses ever put his pen to the writing of the Pentateuch.

Again they come running to tell us that Genesis 14 is a false record because the king mentioned there never existed, and once more this same ridiculous archaeologist

pushed his persistent spade a little too deep down and uncovered some relics bearing the very name of this king Amraphel, and "covered with the very dust of the age in which he is said to have lived."

For a hundred years now, and especially during the last fifty, wonderful discoveries have been made in Babylonia, Egypt and Palestine, and not one of them has disproved a single line of this old Book, and many of them have lent to it the strongest confirmation.

It might be well just here to remind you of the paper drawn up by the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1865. This paper was signed by nearly 600 recognized men of Science and among other remarkable things it contained the following:

"We, the undersigned students of the natural sciences, desire to express our sincere regret that research into scientific truth is perverted by some, in our times, into occasion for casting doubt upon the truth and authenticity of the Holy Scriptures. We conceive that it is impossible for the Word of God as written in the book of Nature and God's Word written in the Holy Scripture, to contradict one another, however much they may appear to differ, and we confidently believe that a time will come

when the two records will be seen to agree in every particular."

No, we have nothing to fear for the old Book from any of the supposed antagonisms of Science.

IV. RATIONALISTIC PERSECUTION.

There is another antagonism the Bible has had to meet, and this is known as *Rationalism.* It is only another name for the deification of human reason. Everything it finds in the Bible above the reach of reason it rejects as false. Of course all miracles must go, can't understand them. The Deity of Christ, the Incarnation, the Resurrection and all other supernatural events suffer the same fate.

It would be an endless task to go into details here. Only three things need to be said.

1. Men believe everyday things they can't understand. And if you were to appropriate in your experience only the benefits of the things you can explain, you would be travelling on high gear the surest road to death in every sense of the word.

2. If God can't perform a miracle, then He ceases at that moment to be God, and if He can perform a miracle of any kind He can perform miracles of every kind.

3. The things denied by Rationalism

furnish the Word of God and the Christian faith in fact their strongest credential.

You will recall that when Lepaux got up his new religion, Theophilanthropy, it made little headway among the people. He complained to Talleyrand about it and the shrewd old statesman replied.

"I am not surprised at the difficulty you find in your effort. It is no easy thing to introduce a new religion, but you should not be so easily discouraged, for I can tell you how to succeed."

And Lepaux eagerly asked, "What is that I must do?"

And Talleyrand said, "It is this; go and work miracles, heal all manner of diseases, raise the dead and cast out devils, and then go on and be crucified and be buried and then rise again on the third day, and it is possible that you may accomplish your end."

And the philosopher went away silent.

V. HIGHER CRITICAL PESECUTION.

Here is another form of antagonism to the Bible, the modern so-called Higher Criticism, which after all is only a more polite name for Modern Destructive Scholarship. Much of the criticism already mentioned of course belongs here, but I am referring now in particular to Literary Criticism, as it is sometimes called, or that criticism which

deals more especially with the text of the Bible.

This Criticism comes as a rule with a pious air, as if loathe to believe the Bible is not all that it claims to be, and after examining the text much like a physician tests a diseased lung or a weakened heart, it turns away with a sigh of disappoitment, shakes its head and with an air of profound wisdom pronounces the patient beyond hope of recovery.

It claims to be engaged in an effort to improve the Bible as though it had not come already perfect from the hand of God. You might as well expect to go out and touch up a golden sunset with a charcoal pencil. You might as well expect to improve on the glorious notes of a yellow-throated roller from the Hartz Mountains by offering it a tin whistle! As well pour red paint on the blushing beauty of a rose!

As if the inspired Word of the eternal God needed mending at the hands of man!

"The critic stood with scornful eye
Before a picture on the wall:
You call this art? Now see that fly,
It is not natural at all.
It has too many legs; its head is far too large—
Whoever saw a fly like that, so limp and dead
And wings that look as if they—pshaw."
And with a gesture of disgust
He waved his hand, when lo; the fly
Flew from the picture. 'Ah! some dust,"
The Critic said, "was in my eye."

Practically every part of the Bible has come in for its share of dissection and expurgation at the hands of these hypercritical gentlemen, and their work is well represented by the story of the man who always listened to his preacher with a penknife in his hand and every passage to which his "liberal" pastor objected he cut from his Bible, and finally he one day handed his preacher the two lids of the book as all he had left after listening to his learned dissertations for a little less than two years.

They claim by certain tests to resolve one book into the work of a dozen different authors. In the book of Genesis God is called both by the name of Jehovah and Elohim. Therefore, each section has its own author according as the names appear. One they call the Jehovist and the other the Elhoist, or J. and E.

They next found a part for D. and P. Then in their extremity they call in two other J's, and so forth, until at last they have three Js, three Es, four Ps and three Qs, and finally a Redactor, R, which last ingenius gentleman made the whole of what these various authors had written into one crazy-quilt sort of a narrative, supplying himself whatever he thought best as he put the work together.

Indeed Kuenen can furnish you with 16

different authors for the five books of Moses. Wellhausen can be satisfied with no less than twenty-two. And if this is not enough, help yourself!

Canon Cheyne, the noted English critic, has torn the book of Isaiah into one hundred and sixty fragments all by different and unknown writers.

But Prof. G. Anderson, once said in an address at a Commencement of Chicago University, "When a man says, taking for instance an account like that of Rahab and the spies, that the one who wrote that took three lines out of one manuscript that he had in his hand, and then six words out of another, and then two or three verses out of another, and then half a verse out of another, and shows all this to me by letters of different colors on the page, and I look it over; I say to myself that no mortal man who ever put two ideas together ever wrote in that way since the foundation of the world." Considering the place it is significant that ringing applause followed his utterance.

The Higher Critic sweetly assures us that the consensus of modern scholarship is all in favor of the new view. Which view? They have furnished us by actual count with no less than 747 theories of the origin and authorship of the books of the Bible; and until they can come to at least some

small semblance of agreement among themselves, we can well afford to pause.

After all as Dr. Torrey has said, "A book that has successfully withstood eighteen centuries of assault of the Devil's heaviest artillery, is not going down before the air-guns of modern so-called Higher Criticism."

VI. INFIDEL PERSECUTION.

There is a sixth and last form of Bible Persecution that hardly deserves any mention other than to give it a passing contempt, and that is a certain form of cheap infidelity; the kind of infidelity that travels about the country and lectures on "The Mistakes of Moses" at $200.00 per night; the small-bored sort of infidelity, which gathers its inspiration out of its own hot, sinful hatred of Bible doctrine and which as a rule gathers all its criticism out of pure, unadulterated ignorance.

As a single instance take the quail story that seemed to worry Bob Ingersol so much. An infidel newspaper published in Boston has figured the whole thing out for us. It gives an estimate of the number of quails that were piled up over the country, and show that according to the Bible story, the quails when divided would give to each Israelite a monthly allowance of 2,888,643

bushels of quails, and this of course means that every poor Jew had 69,620 bushels of quails to eat at each meal for thirty days, and therefore the Bible was not true.

If you told me you saw geese flying as high as a church steeple, I suppose you would expect me to believe you meant they were piled as thick as cordwood from the ground up. Would you? Well, all the Bible says is that God let them fall "as it were two cubits high upon the face of the earth," or as the correct rendering is "above the face of the earth." And to such argument they expect honest, intelligent people to give heed!

We recall the fact that the seal of a certain Scottish Bible Society is a Bible in the shape of an anvil, with men swinging hammers upon it; the ground is covered with hammers broken; and underneath are the words:

"Hammer away, ye rebel bands;
Your hammers break, God's anvil stands.
"Last eve I paused beside the blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
And looking in I saw upon the floor
Old hammers, worn with beating years of time.
"How many anvils have you had," said I,
To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one',' said he, and then with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."
"And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word,
In ages, skeptic blows have beat upon,
Yet, though the noise of falling blows was heard,
The anvil is unharmed, the hammers gone."

ITS FULFILLED PROPHECY.

"We might as soon think to pluck the stars from the heavens as to wrest from the future her secrets. The king when he bade the advancing waves retire, was not more powerless than we when we command the approaching days to appear and tell what things they bring. We cannot foresee even dimly the events of tomorrow, or of the next hour. But if this feat, which we rightly declare to be impossible for man to perform, has been achieved—if the future has been read, and not only years, but centuries have yielded up their secrets—if we produce a book in which predictions, so numerous and varied and minute as to preclude all possibility of chance, were recorded centuries before the events occurred in which they were startlingly fulfilled—will it be any longer possible to doubt that God is, and that this Book is His Word to us?"

—Urquhart.

"So long as Babylon is in heaps; so long as Nineveh lies empty, void and waste; so long as Egypt is the basest of kingdoms; so long as Tyre is a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea; so long as Israel is scattered among all nations: so long as Jerusalem is trodden under foot of the Gentiles; so long as the great empires of the world march on in their predicted course,—so long we have proof that one Omniscient Mind dictated the predictions of this Book we call the Bible."

—Hastings.

VIII

ITS FULFILLED PROPHECY.

Marshall Wade one time laughed at the alleged proof of Christianity from the fulfillment of prophecy. He said the predictions were of course all written after the events. But when Bishop Newton reminded him that several of the prophecies were not fulfilled until recent times, and showed him beyond all doubt that some were written many centuries before the events took place the Marshall was startled and said he must acknowledge that, "if this point could be proved to satisfaction, there would be no argument against such plain matter of fact; it would certainly convince him, and he believed it would be the readiest way to convince every reasonable man of the truth of Revelation."

It is just this that we wish to commend to you as an eighth proof that the Bible is the veritable Word of God, namely, the proof from the Fulfillment of Prophecy.

The destructive criticism of the Bible of course denies the possibility of prophecy. They say it can't be done. Well, it is quite true that so far as human agency alone is concerned no man can unlock the future. But it is quite another thing when holy men of

old spake as they were moved by the Spirit of God and made known to the world in advance the things that God would have us to know were surely coming to pass.

But higher criticism says, It can't be done. Therefore any book containing predictions of things which have really come to pass must have been in the very nature of the case written after the events transpired. I heard of a Frenchman once who was so wedded to his theory that when some one told him the facts contradicted it, he replied, "Well then, so much the worse for the facts."

There is a verse I read somewhere that goes like this:

"The owlet atheism, sailing on obscene wing across the sky,
Drops his blue fringed lids and shuts them close;
"And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
Cries out, 'Where is it?'"

There are men just like that, and of course if a man is going to be so owl-eyed, so bat-eyed as to shut his eyes whenever he comes into the presence of light, he will keep company of course with the Frenchman mentioned above.

There is no use talking to a man like the one I read of the other day, who said he was willing to be convinced but he would like to see the man who could convince him.

Look for a few moments at some of the prophecies concerning the Gentile world.

No critic has ever been so rash as to deny that the book of Ezekiel was written at least 200 years before the time of Alexander. Well, in chapter 26 the downfall of Tyre is predicted. Her walls were to be destroyed and her towers to be broken down. God said, "I will also scrape her dust from her and make her like the top of a rock." More than 240 years rolled on and Tyre built on an island of the sea still stood as the proud mistress of the waters.

Then came Alexander, and the words of prophecy which had seemed like a vain menace, found their fulfillment. He marched his army to the sea, built a solid causeway for one-half mile across to Tyre and literally fulfilled the words spoken concerning her fate 250 years before.

If any one, determined not to believe, should say this prediction was added to the book after the fall of Tyre, what will he say to that part of the prophecy which says, "And thou shalt be built no more?" What answer has the ages to this challenge from Almighty God? Nothing but silence. The site of Tyre is today, before your very eyes like the top of a barren rock without even a mound to mark the place of her former glory.

In Obadiah 18, it was predicted that the race of the Edomites should become extinct,

and who does not know that centuries later with the Mohammedan invasion this thing has come to pass and there is not an Edomite to be found in all the world so far as anybody knows.

Concerning Babylon Isaiah said, "Babylon shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in anymore from generation to generation; and wolves shall cry in their castles and jackals in the pleasant palaces." Ask the traveller today who journeys there whether these seem to be the idle words of a man or the veritable prediction of Him whose "word shall not pass away."

Take old Thebes, the ancient capital of Egypt, the hundred-gated city with her pillars so large that six men standing with meeting finger tips could barely span them. She presents today the most magnificent ruins the world has ever seen. Pococks said that without some extraordinary accident such magnificence and solidity must have lasted forever. Well, if you will read Ezekiel 30, you will find that prophecy has something to say about the extraordinary accident. God said, "I will execute judgment upon her, and she shall be broken up."

Look at Egypt herself, the once proud mother of science and letters and art. She

was unique in her greatness among the nations. But Jeremiah said, "O virgin daughter of Egypt; in vain dost thou use many medicines; there is no healing for thee." Ezekiel said, "She shall not any more lift herself up among the nations." She was to be a "base kingdom." How surely indeed has all this come to pass. In Ezekiel 30, it is said, "There shall be no more a prince out of the land of Egypt," and from 350 B. C. down to the present moment there has been no native prince to rule the land and there never will be.

So daring are the prophecies that they extend even to the details in the general calamity that was to overtake this proud nation according to the prediction of the Word of God. The fisheries were to fail; and they have. Their industries were to perish and they have, and the land and all that was therein was to be made waste by strangers. Indeed there are a score of prophecies relating to the land of Egypt, referring, as we have seen, to the very details of her history, and all of which have been literally fulfilled.

Let us grant that one prophecy, and perhaps two, might by accident have turned out to be true, but could any one be so foolish as to think this of them all? And if not, then whose is this Book upon which such a seal is set, if it is not the Book of Him whose

"thought grasps the ages and before whose eyes the future holds no veil?"

We have mentioned only a few out of the many prophecies relating to the Gentile nations of the world. Now look at a few concerning the Jews and the land that God once gave them, and has promised shall be theirs again some day. If there could be any more overwhelming proof that this Book is the very Word of God you will find it in these predictions.

When Frederick the Great asked his court Chaplain to prove in three words that the Bible was a book inspired of God, the Chaplain replied, "Sire, the Jews."

Take the land of Palestine—a veritable commentary on the assurance that heaven and earth shall pass away but that the word of the Lord endureth forever. Thousands of years ago God said concerning Israel, if she continued in disobedience: "I will bring the land into desolation and you will I scatter among the nations." Lev. 26.

And what has Israel done but stubbornly resist the will of God from that day until now, and therefore if this prophecy was ever to be fulfilled it ought to be now. And what a sight has this land, once flowing with milk and honey, presented for all these centuries! Dean Stanley says, "Above all other countries in the world it is the Land of Ruins."

The details are too many to mention. Speaking of a certain district Mark Twain says, "There is not a solitary village throughout its whole extent," and after quoting the prophecy just mentioned, Mark Twain says, "No man can stand here by deserted Ain Mellahah and say the prophecy has not been fulfilled."

Concerning the city of Bethel, Amos 3 says, "Bethel shall come to nought." In the days of Josephus it was still a city; in Jerome's time it was but a hamlet and now for centuries later travellers have passed over the site without remark. The Bethel that once was has been completely erased from the map.

Micah prophesied the same thing of Samaria (Micah 1), and it became "a heap of the field," its stones were poured down and its very foundations were laid bare, even as God through His prophet said would be the case.

Jesus Christ Himself said of Capernaum, "And thou, Capernaum, shalt go down unto Hades." Capernaum was still a city as late as 800 years after Christ's time, but it has now gone down as Christ said it would and today, as Urquhart says, "Men are unable to point with absolute certainty even to its grave."

And then read those remarkable prophe-

sies about the city of Jerusalem. You who have gone as tourists to the Holy Land stand up now and tell us whether or no this Book has proven itself to be the very word of God.

Among other things tell us, you who have been there, whether the temple is still standing; the temple of which Christ said, "Not one stone shall be left upon another," and concerning which the Roman conqueror in his siege of Jerusalem commanded that it should be spared. Tell us why it was burned and its blackened walls thrown down in defiance of the express command of Titus that it be spared.

The history of the Jews for ages past even to the present time has been foretold over and over again by their own prophets. Their sojourn in Egypt and their later captivity in Babylon were both prophesied.

It is most interesting to note concerning the Babylonian Captivity that it was announced 200 years before Cyrus the Persian king was born that it was to be none other than himself through whom the deliverance from Babylon should be brought about; and Josephus the great Jewish historian, tells us that when Cyrus read this prediction and saw his own name written in the book of Isaiah he was laid hold upon by an earnest desire to see that the prophecy written about him should be fulfilled.

Read the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy and you will find a series of remarkable prophecies concerning the history of the Jews whose fulfillment down through the ages furnishes a testimony for the supernatural origin of this Book such as no infidel has ever been able to refute.

The fact that the Jews are even today scattered like grain among all the nations of the earth is only the fulfillment of prophecy and another mighty proof that God, who "inhabits eternity" and sees the end from the beginning, has spoken in this Book.

It was all written before hand. "And you will I scatter among the nations," it is said in Leviticus; and again in Deuteronomy, "And Jehovah will scatter you among all the peoples from one end of the earth even unto the other;" while in Numbers it is said, "The Jews shall dwell alone and shall not be reckoned among the nations."

And yet it was just as distinctly prophesied that the Jews should be preserved and that among whatever people he dwelt he was to remain the Jew just the same.

And today you find them everywere. The proverbial cat when thrown in the air always strikes on its feet. So handle the Jew as you will; drive him out or make him welcome; persecute him or honor him with high position, whether you find him among

the sledded Polocks on the ice or in the tropics of Africa, whether he rests in peace beneath the Stars and Stripes, or whether under the oppressive heel of a foreign tyrant, he is a Jew still.

Herder calls the Jews, "The enigma of history."

Milman, in his History of the Jews, says, "Their perpetuity, their national immortality, is at once the most curious problem to the political student, and to the religious man a subject of profound and awful admiration."

Other nations have passed away, but the Jewish nation, scattered throughout the world, oppressed and down-trodden and massacred by the thousands, still lives on, springing up ever again from its undying stock. But what did God say in Jeremiah? "Though I make an end of all nations whither I have scattered thee, yet will I not make a full end of thee."

People of intelligence, I ask you how an honest inquirer can doubt that this is in very fact the Word of God in the presence of a testimony like that?

But even more wonderful than all this, if such a thing is possible, is the fulfillment of prophecy concerning the Christ Himself.

The Jews looked upon the crucifixion of Jesus as a chastisement from God which ut-

terly disproved his claims to be the Messiah. But 700 years before the blood of Jesus ever stained the sod of Calvary it was foretold that they would so regard Him; for Isaiah had said, "Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted."

The fact that he was rejected by His own people might seem to be an argument against Christianity, but the prophecy of this very thing turns this fact into Christianity's strongest defense. Likewise, if they had accepted Him it would have proven that He was not the Messiah foretold.

You can bring the prophecies down to the lowest date the most daring destructive critic ever presumed to assign them and still they would bear a date hundreds of years before Jesus was ever born.

The Greek translation of the Hebrew Scriptures is known as the Septuagint, and is so-called because it is the work of seventy learned Jews, and this we know was accomplished at least 250 years before the Christian era. We know this as well as we know anything. And so while we might argue from the standpoint of the Hebrew Bible and claim thousands of years, it is enough for our purpose to argue from the smallest interval which can be assigned; for the man who can look through 200 years and see with accuracy the things that are to be, can look

through 200,000 years and do the same thing.

The fact is that there are more than 250 distinct prophecies in the Old Testament, written from 400 to 1500 years before Jesus was born and every one of them has been fulfilled in the most minute way in His birth, death, His resurrection, His ascension and in the events of His life in general.

We are told in Genesis that he was to be the seed of a woman, and it was so.

It was foretold that He was to be a Jew (Gen. 12:3), and He was.

It was said in Isaiah that He was to be born of a virgin, and so it came to pass.

Micah tells us that He was to be born in Bethlehem, and in Bethlehem of Judea He came into this world.

It was foretold that He was to be of the tribe of Judah, and so He was.

He was to be of the Family of David, and so it came to pass.

His flight into Egypt, His residence at Capernaum, His lowliness and His poverty, all were clearly foretold.

His rejection by the Jews Isaiah clearly predicted, and even the manner of his death was set forth (Ps. 22:14-16). Yet death by crucifixion was unknown in the time of David who made the prophecy.

The casting of lots for His garments (Ps. 22:18), the fact that His legs were not broken as was the case with ordinary criminals (Ps. 34:20), and even the cry of the Forsaken One was foretold in the very words that fell from His blessed lips in the darkness that gathered around the cross.

In Isa. 53 his burial is mentioned and in Acts 2, we are told explicitly that His resurrection had taken place in fulfillment of the prophecy recorded in the sixteenth Psalm.

In Ps. 110 His ascension was most clearly predicted. He was to sit at the right hand of God until his enemies became his footstool, and seven years after Jesus had taken His exalted place in the heavens Stephen in the time of his martyrdom, "Being full of the Holy Ghost looked up steadfastly into heaven and said, 'Behold I see the heavens opened, and Jesus the Son of man standing at the right hand of God."

What human mind could possibly be capable of such stupenduous wonders? The future is an open book only to one mind, and that is the mind of God. Well indeed, has the wise man said, "Boast not thyself of *tomorrow*, for thou knowest not what a *day* may bring forth." It is the unexpected that happens. A man may stand before the approaching days and command them to reveal the secrets they contain, but he will

stand there just as powerless and just as foolish as did old King Chanute when he stood on the serf and bade the ocean waves stay out.

The anticipations of the wisest of men and the surmises of the most far-seeing have been mocked again and again by the bitter irony of events. Malte Brun in his history of Prussia said that because of its proximity to Russia it must be in many respects a secondary power. He knew in his time little more if any of what the future held for Germany than did the Kaiser in his.

Some of you gentlemen are level-headed business men, and you demand facts. Well, you have had them, and I ask you candidly, what are you going to do with them? They demand an explanation.

There are other Bibles in the world, but not a one of them contains a single prophecy. They would not dare to make a prophecy; for to claim to be divine and then to make a prophecy that never came to pass would be to brand this claim with the stigma of incontrovertible fraud.

The Bible, the Christian Scriptures, is the only one that has ever made a prophecy, and it has made hundreds of them, and not a one of them has ever failed in any respect of all that this Word has said should come to pass, and this is one of the great reasons

why I know this Book is the work of Him whose Word endureth forever.

"Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail—
The moon forget her nightly tale;
The deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky.

"But, fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy Word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away."

THE TESTIMONY OF THE HUMAN HEART.

"To God the Father, God the Word, God the Spirit, we pour forth most humble and hearty supplications that He, remembering the calamities of mankind, and the pilgrimage of this our life, in which we wear out days few and evil, would please to open to us new refreshments out of the fountain of His goodness for the alleviating of our miseries. This also we humbly and earnestly beg, that human things may not prejudice such as are Divine; neither that from the unlocking of the gates of sense and the kindling of a greater natural light anything of incredulity or intellectual night may arise in our minds thoroughly cleansed and purged from fancy and vanities, and yet subject and perfectly given up to Divine oracles, there may be given unto faith such things as are faith's."

—Lord Bacon.

IX

THE TESTIMONY OF THE HUMAN HEART.

One day a sceptic asked a highly educated and cultured Christian woman how she could prove the Bible was the Word of God, and she said to him, "How can you prove there is a sun in the sky?"

"Why," he replied, "Because it warms me and I can see its light."

"And so it is with me," she said, "the proof of this Book being the Word of God is, that it warms my soul and gives it light."

We have now considered eight reasons for believing this Book to be the veritable Word of God, and here is a ninth, the Testimony of the Human Heart.

If you want to know in a single sentence what that means I can tell you best in the words of one of the great English poets.

"I know the Bible is inspired because it inspires me."

And if you would further seek to know what that means I could have asked you until a few years ago to come with me to a little town in western Indiana. You could have seen there a living picture which has stamped itself in my memory more indelibly than if graven in plates of steel. It is after nine o'clock at night and in a quiet, humble home sits an old gray-haired man, bending down

in rapt attention and consuming interest over the pages of an old and well worn Book, which seems to shine upon his face with a glorified light. It is the Bible. Year after year and night after night the years through he has been sitting there. Let us go in and for your satisfaction I will put the question, "Father, how do you know this Book is the Word of God? You are not in any sense a learned man; you have never been to the university; you have never read Butler's Analogy, nor Janet's Final Cause; you are not in any sense acquainted with the learned disquisitions of an Augustine, an Erasmus or a Paley. How is that you have come to believe that this Book is the very Word of Himself?"

And you would hear him say: "Believe it to be the Word of God! Yes, I know it is —my heart, my soul, my whole being tells me it is so. This Book—what a Book it is! It has revealed to me things no man could ever tell me; it has given me a peace that passes understanding and a joy I never knew before; it has given me wisdom when I have been perplexed and changed my sorrow into a song! it has quieted my fears and quenched my bleeding wounds; it has kept the graves of my loved ones green and kindled in my soul the hope of a coming resurrection; it has changed death, which for me

is not far away, from a dark messenger of dread into an angel of glad tidings. The Book of God? I am as sure of it as I am that I am sitting here a living, breathing man."

This is what I mean by the testimony of the human heart. I mean what Robert Browning wrote, "My idle reasonings sometimes makes me a little sceptical; but the necessities of my heart always give the lie to cold philosophizings."

I mean what Daniel Webster had chiseled on his gravestone, "Philosophical argument has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith that was in me; but my heart has always assured me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a reality."

I mean what Coleridge said, "I know that the Bible is the Word of God because it finds me in the deep places of my being."

"In the deep places of my being." That is where the Word of God takes hold with its quickening, energizing and transforming power. That is where the actual man really is.

I do not wonder that the ingenious gentleman of analytical notoriety, who undertook to find out just what is in a man, came to the conclusion that the Bible is right when it says that man is "fearfully and wonderfully made." He discovered that the

average man contains the constituents found in 1200 eggs. There is enough gas in him to fill a gasometer of 3649 cubic feet. The iron in him will make four ten penny nails. His phosphate contents will make 8064 boxes of matches. There is enough hydrogen in him, in combination to fill a balloon and carry him above the clouds. And out of the remaining constituents you can make seventy-five candles, a good-sized cake of soap, six teaspoons full of salt, a bowl of sugar and ten gallons of water.

Now some people may think that a very delicate and wonderful analytical dissection. We don't; and when it is all over, we feel like asking, Is that *all* there is in a man?

No, that is not all. The biggest part of man the analysist has overlooked; for there is something in *the deep places of a man's being*, that does not discover itself to the critical eye of the chemist, nor yield itself to the mortar and the pestle. The real man is not the outward man that responds to scalpel and microscope, but the inward man of conscience and soul and heart that responds to the Word of the Spirit of God who called it into being.

"It finds me," said Coleridge, "in the deep places of my being." And so it finds me, and it finds you and it finds every man

who has ever come to it humbly and honestly seeking to know the truth. Intellectual pride, of course, it cannot brook.

Have you ever read those remarkable words of Heinrich Heine, the Jewish poet and cynic, who after having found Christ became once more involved in doubt, and later seems to have returned to Christ when night and death were falling? He said:

"Astonishing! That after I have whirled about all my life over all the dance-floors of philosophy, and yielded myself to all the orgies of the intellect, and paid my addresses to all possible systems, without satisfaction, like Messalina after a licentious night, I now find myself on the same standpoint where poor Uncle Tom stands—on that of the Bible. I kneel down by my black brother in the same prayer. What a humiliation! With all my sense I have come no farther than a poor ignorant negro who had only just learned to spell. Poor Tom, indeed, seems to have seen deeper things in the Holy Book than I."

Yes, it finds you in the deep places of your being. What other book in all the world so associates itself with the joys and sorrows, the aspirations and disappointments, the struggles, the victories and the defeats, and the very issues of life and death itself as does the Bible.

It finds you in the deep places of your being.

It finds you there in the very fact of Regeneration. This is one of the things that cannot be shaken. You don't need a blueprint to let you know you are converted. You can be more certain that you are a son of God than you can be of your earthly parentage.

How do you know that you were not left on the doorstep? How do you know that you did not come out of a foundlings home? But I do know when I was born the second time, because I was not only there when it took place, but I gave the consent of my will to the transaction, and I have the witness to it in my own soul to this very hour. You can take everything else from me but you cannot take that.

It finds you there when the sun shines. There isn't a decent joy in all the world that a knowledge of the Bible doesn't sanctify and sweeten.

It finds you there when the shadows come. There isn't a sorrow that does not get sustaining grace somewhere out of the pages of this Book.

It finds you there when the cheeks pale and the eyes dim and the summons for eternity is about to come.

As the old Scotch woman said, "Thank

God, I have my Bible. It was the guide of my youth and is the staff of my old age. It wounded me and healed me. It condemned me and acquitted me. It showed me I was a sinner and it led me to the Saviour. It has given me comfort through life and I know it will give me hope in death."

When the great Wizard of the North lay dying at Abbotsford, turning to his beloved Lockhart, he said,

"Lockhart, rak me the Book."

"What book?" said Lockhart.

"Ah," said the dying genius, that flung out his wonder-working wand, the spell of whose sorcery has made millions weep over his 'Heart of Midlothian,' and millions shudder at his 'Astrologer', and millions rise to ecstacy with the poetic beauty of his 'Fair Maid of Perth', "Ah," said the dying Sir Walter Scott, "there is but one Book for a dying man; rak me the Bible."

When Stanley was in Africa he read his Bible through three times. When he started he had 180 pounds of books. As his men were stricken by famine, fighting and sickness there came a test of relative values. The books were gradually abandoned until only five were left. Two of these were books on navigation, kept for their practical value, and the remaining three were the Bible, Shakespeare and Carlyle. Mr. Stanley said,

"Poor Shakespeare was afterwards burned up; Carlyle and the navigating books were left by the way, and I had only the Bible left."

"We've travelled together, my Bible and I,
Through all kinds of weather, with smile or with sigh;
In sorrow or sunshine, in tempest or calm,
Thy friendship unchanging, my lamp and my Psalm.

"We've travelled together, my Bible and I,
When life has grown weary, and death, e'en was nigh.
But all through the darkness of mist and of wrong,
I've found thee a solace, a prayer or a song.

"We've travelled together, my Bible and I,
Thou Sword of the Spirit, put error to flight;
And through my life's journey, until my last sigh,
We'll travel together, my Bible and I."

THE BEST PEOPLE BELIEVE THE BIBLE IS THE WORD OF GOD

"A treasure-house I find God's Word,
With all its contents free;
And reaching forth, I take, and say
'The Lord meant this for me'.
And for my faith, what joys are given!
True peace, and love and life and heaven!"

—George Whitefield D'Vys.

X

THE BEST PEOPLE BELIEVE IT.

There are other reasons why I could commend the Bible to you as the veritable Word of God, but as a tenth and final reason I would thus commend it to you because the best men in the world accept it as such. You say, "Do you mean to assert that the men who believe in the Bible are better than the men who do not?"

I most certainly do, Sir. I do not mean to say that there are no good men who reject the Bible. I do not mean to say that there are no good men outside of the Church, men who are as good and sometimes better than some men inside of it. But I do mean to say this: if you will get the people in the Church on one side of you and the people of the world on the other side and then shut your eyes and draw out fifty or a hundred or five hundred from each crowd, when it comes to law-abiding citizenship and decency and honesty and honor in general and all the finer points that go to make up a character that God approves and the world respects, the Church crowd will outshine the other crowd like the blazing sun outshines the pale-faced moon; although one of the

Church crowd may be a hypocrite, if you can get any comfort out of that!

Yes, Sir, the best men in the world accept the Bible as the Word of God. You know this is true; so much so that when you see a man reading his Bible you instinctively take it for granted that he is a good man.

If you went into a saloon and threw down a Bible on the bar and asked for a drink, or went into a gambling joint and threw down a Bible on the "green cloth" and told them to start the game, you know what the proprietor would say to you:

He would say, "What is the book you have there?"

And you would say, "It is the Bible."

He would say, "Do you believe in it?"

And you would say, "I do."

And what do you suppose he would say?

He would say, "Telephone the asylum, boys; he's bug-house."

But you go into a saloon, or into a gambling den or into a house of prostitution and throw down a copy of Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," or any other infidel book that assails the Word of God, and not a question would be asked. But the Bible and those sort of things do not go together.

Years ago a young infidel was travelling with his uncle in the West. This uncle was a banker and they were a bit nervous about

their safety when they found out they had to stay all night in a rough cabin by the wayside, whose only occupant was a rough looking man of some years, dressed in a bearskin suit. They agreed that the young man should sit with his pistol and watch until midnight and then awaken his uncle who would watch until morning. Pretty soon the young man peeped through a crack and saw the old man in the other room reach up to take something down from the shelf.

He thought he was going after his pistol and he said to himself, "Here's where the trouble begins."

But instead of a pistol it was a Bible the old man took down, and after reading in it awhile, he knelt down and commenced to pray, and the young infidel began to pull off his coat and get ready for his bed.

And his uncle said, "Look here; I thought you were going to sit up and watch."

And the young man said, "I was, Uncle, but me for the bed! There's nothing to fear as long as the only other person in the house is an old man in the room with a Bible in his hand."

He knew, even though he was an infidel, that there was no use of sitting up, pistol in hand, to watch all night in a cabin that was hallowed by the Word of God and consecra-

ted by the voice of prayer. Say, do you think Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" or Bob Ingersol's infidel lectures would have done for that young man's fears what the Bible did?

No, Sir, there is no mistake about what we said, The best men in the world believe in the Bible as the very Word of God. And I will go even further than that and say, the better a man is the more he believes in it as such.

John R. Mott was a big enough man in President Wilson's mind to be asked by him to become the Minister to China for this Republic. He has travelled repeatedly this world over, and he has this to say, "The most noble and unselfish lives which I encountered in the different nations, when I came to know them long enough I discovered were the lives which yielded the largest obedience to the pages of this Book."

I was down in Atlanta and they had a moral house-cleaning time. They bought a farm and an old homestead and about thirty girls from the Red Light district accepted shelter there. They needed a Superintendent and a Miss Appleyard, a beautiful, cultured young woman from one of the Southland's best homes volunteered; and she came and laid her pure, strong and sweet life down alongside the soiled and wilted lives

of these unfortunate victims of sin. In her devotion to the work she bore more than her share, and I read a little while ago that she had made the sacrifice complete in death.

Say, do you suppose she believed in the Bible? You show me any one who has ever done a thing like that who didn't believe in it.

Who are the people who are down in the haunts of sin and in the slums of the city pouring out their lives to bring the fallen back to the place of hope. People who believe in the Bible.

Who are the folks who have gone out from the comforts of home and the yearning arms of loved ones to toil and sacrifice and die in the midst of foreign squalor and filth and wretchedness in order to bring the loathsome leper back to health and the heathen in general to the place of hope in God? They are the folks who believe this Bible is the Word of God.

Show me the individual who has a holy regard for the Lord's Day for any other reason than the mere necessities of human nature and I will show you some one every time who believes in the Bible. Take me to the purest, holiest and most spotlessly white and spiritual soul in all this land, and I will show you nine times out of ten a soul that draws its inspiration for that life out of this

Book. And when I see a soul like that believing in a Book like this, it recommends the Book to me with a mighty big argument in its favor, and I would like to know more about a book that will make a life like that.

And when one knows that this is the case, and knows it has done something like that for millions, he finds himself almost tempted to question a little bit the life of the man who tramples it underneath his unholy feet and goes out of his way to tear it into pieces.

This is especially true of the man or woman who has known the Word and formerly professed to believe in it. It is an easy thing to get into doubt about things divine when one first begins to drift away into worldiness and sin and from the standard of a righteous, holy life such as this Book holds up.

Let me tell you of a young college graduate. His pastor asked him to show the stereopticon pictures of Bible scenes in the Sabbath school. He thought the young man being a college man could do this work very acceptably.

"If I do it," said the young man, "I'll do it as a personal favor to you, not that I believe in it."

"I do not ask that you do it merely as a personal favor," was his pastor's reply.

"Well, I've been thinking, and I don't believe in a God."

"Come down to my study," said the preacher, "and we will talk it over."

The young man had gone to college as a member of the pastor's church, and he had a right to talk it over. He came and the two spent several hours over the question.

"So you have been 'thinking,' and have arrived at the conclusion that there is no God."

"Yes."

"Will you name some other great thinkers who stand with you on this question?" asked the pastor.

The young man hesitated and finally said, "Didn't Kant, the philosopher, reach that conclusion?"

"Have you read Kant's books?" he was asked, and the preacher endeavoring to find out whether the boy had been doing any thinking at all on the subject.

"No-no," he replied: "I've been told that he had discarded God."

Then the pastor told about Kant's first book and its conclusions, and about his subsequent reversal of position in regard to the existence of God.

The young man then began to assert his denial of God, when the pastor stopped him and said:

"There is something else back of all this: tell me the whole story."

When the boy hesitated, his pastor said: "You went to college, and you began to drink, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"You lost money at cards?"

His pastor knew this and was prepared for the answer, "Yes."

"You did some other things of which you are not now proud?"

"Yes."

"And when you did all those things, you began to disbelieve in God? Isn't it a fact that you had to get rid of God in order to escape a guilty and a troubled conscience?"

You see the young fellow did not think his way into infidelity. Real thinking never lands a man in a place like that. The thing that usually leads to scepticism is the thing that makes the soul uncomfortable in the presence of God and that thing as a rule is sin. There are exceptions, but this is the rule. And instead of repenting and getting right with God men will brazenly deny the existence of God and rule the Bible out of court.

It is your privilege to be sceptical if you arrive honestly but you must come clean, and I serve notice now that when a man begins to flippantly deny the existence of God

and to find fault with the Bible and turns his little garden-hose of his own self-estimated, collossal and stupendous intellect upon the other world in frantic, futile endeavor to put out the fires of judgment, people of real thought and observation begin to suspect that his chief trouble is in his heart and not in his head.

There was an old Frenchman by the name of Lepaux who tried to get up a new religion. He called it "Theo-philanthropy," and he complained to Talleyrand that it made but little headway among the people, and the shrewd old statesman replied:

"I am not surprised at the difficulty you find in your effort. It is no easy matter to introduce a new religion. But there is one thing I would advise you to do, and then, perhaps, you might succeed."

"What is it? What is it?" cried Lepaux in great excitement.

"Well," said Talleyrand, "It is this; go and be crucified and then be buried and rise again on the third day, and then go on working miracles, raising the dead, casting out devils and healing all manner of disease, and then if possible you may accomplish your end." And the old philosopher went away silent.

And so it is with the Bible. The fact that man never wrote a better one is a

mighty strong argument in its favor. If man made the Bible he ought to be able to make just as good a one today. He ought to be able to make a better one. That is so by the very law of development.

Think of the little smattering of knowledge they had in their day as compared with ours. Science had not yet unlocked for them the doors of nature; the stars above and the rocks below withheld their secrets from them, and yet one is simply dumbfounded and staggered at the intelligence with which the Bible handles almost every problem that confronts the human race.

And so I say, Let the infidel, the agnostic, the materialist and the atheist with all the knowledge of the twenteith century at their command write a better book than the Bible or at least one just as good or hold their peace.

Yes. I believe the Bible is the Word of God because the best people in the world accept it as such and the better the people are the more they believe it.

And now, my friends, since this Book is the Word of God, it is mighty important for you to know what it has to say about the great question which occupied our minds at the beginning of these addresses.

It is this Book that gives to you the only possible and positive assurance of a life be-

yond the grave. But it has more to say. It says that man was born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and that we have all sinned and come short of the glory of God, that the wages of sin is eternal death and that without holiness no man shall see God.

But, thank God, it shows us a way out of the dilemma. Lord Kelvin was the greatest scientist the British Empire ever had. He gave to the world more scientific discoveries than perhaps any other man who has ever lived. One day somebody asked him what was the greatest discovery he ever made, and he replied, "The greatest discovery I ever made is the fact that the Lord Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

And this Book says that this same Saviour is yours, if you will let Him be, and mine if I will take Him as such.

What a Book it is!

"Thou truest friend man ever knew;
Thy constancy I have tried;
When all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.

"The mines of earth no treasure give
That can this volume buy
In teaching me the way to live
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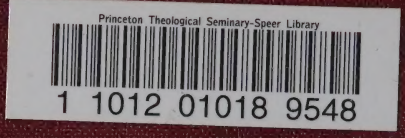
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